The Enterprise.

VOL. 4. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1898. NO. 8.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
6:57 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

7:33 A. M. Daily.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. Sundays Only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves	7:35 A. M.
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves	8:12 A. M.
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves	8:50 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station	4:35 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station	5:12 P. M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station	5:50 P. M.
First car leaves Baden Station for City	9:00 A. M.
Last car leaves Baden Station for City	6:00 P. M.
Cars run between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 20 minutes from	8:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry	10:50 P. M.
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry	11:43 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry	12:00 M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at	11:22½ P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at	12:02 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for 30th Street and Sunnyside only at	12:30 A. M.

NOTE

10:36 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Colma only
11:27 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.

All Country Line Cars leaving 30th Street except the two above named will run clear through to Holy Cross Cemetery.

PARK LINE

ast car from 18th and Guerrero to Golden Gate Park	11:27 P. M.
Last car from Golden Gate Park to 18th and Guerrero	11:50 P. M.

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Returning to the city the same day, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	7:45	4:15
" South	—	7:00

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:50	6:30
North	6:15	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. T. Duncan Ferguson every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 4[illegible]5, Woodmen of the World, meets every second and fourth Wednesday, at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
H. W. Walker.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
J. F. Johnston.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

DEEDS.

John Sroufe to W. W. Marvin; Lot 9, block 166, and lot 5, block 215, Abbey Homestead Association.....$ 70
San Francisco Savings Union to Francisco Alves Vieira; 100.87 acres of land, Johnston Ranch.....
Jacinto Lowrenco and wife to Miriano Florinda; 2 acres of land west of Spanishtown.....1000
J. H. Mansfield to Chas. Acronico; N. W. ¼ of Sec. No. 35, T. 7, S. R. 3, W., M. D. M., 160 acres.....200
Patrick Swift and wife to Leanore B. Murray; lots 8 and 14, in Swift's sub-div. of lot No. 10; and a portion of lot No. 13, Menzes Ranch.....10

MORTGAGES.

Margaret McMahon et al to Angelo Boitano and wife; 302.73 acres of land, Rancho Corral de Tierra (Palomares)..7498.69

Especially when confined, there is nothing better for the poultry than the scraps from the table softened by soaking in milk.

LOSING HIS HOLD.

Aguinaldo's Power of the Philipinos on the Wane.

EXCESSIVE TAXATION THE TROUBLE.

Dewey Discusses the Situation—The Admiral Is Confident of His Ability to Hold the Islands.

Manila—The popularity of Aguinaldo is waning. Excessive taxation of rich natives and constant demands for money have weakened him, and the majority of natives now favor American government. The policy of the rebel chief has been such that he has estranged a large and influential class of the natives.

Rear Admiral Dewey, when a correspondent called upon him, received him courteously and pleasantly, but absolutely declined to discuss the political situation in the Philippine islands, on the ground that his sphere was purely naval. The Admiral seldom goes ashore, and insisted that his interviewer was in a better position to acquire information than himself. He then proceeded to cross-examine the correspondent about everything ashore. He was glad to learn the insurgents were releasing the sick Spanish soldiers they held prisoners, notwithstanding Aguinaldo's grandiloquent refusal to do so. This proves that the insurgents are very conciliatory in spite of their defiant talk.

Admiral Dewey always believed that the insurgents were friendly, and especially since the war ships of our fleet have visited the different ports of those islands, and since some of our officers have made tours inland, carefully investigating popular sentiment and judiciously preaching the gospel of peaceful settlement everywhere, with highly satisfactory results. A few influential Filipinos, in an ambitious attempt at self-advancement, are clamoring for independence, though unable to realize its true meaning. They are utterly ignorant of the difference between the name and the reality.

The agitators here invariably admit that they would be unable to stand without American protection. But in spite of this they continue their meaningless outcry for independence and may possibly create trouble. The Admiral, however, believes this to be improbable at the present juncture, though every trifling incident counts. However, every day that passes without a conflict means so much gain, because the friendly feeling is steadily increasing, the incipient roughness is disappearing and the agitators are weakening.

The newspapers of Manila are doing particularly valuable work in the simultaneous publication of conciliatory articles printed in Spanish and in English. This course is looked upon as being certain to eliminate the ill feeling which has existed here.

It is the opinion of the Admiral that it would be advisable for the United States to pay insurgent troops their arrears of wages. The whole amount would be a comparatively trifling sum, and the payment of the troops would have a valuable effect, and may save incalculable trouble.

Admiral Dewey was strongly convinced that the insurgents deserve acknowledgment. He is a believer in the practicability of liberal measures in the direction of local autonomy.

Regarding the possibility of international complications, Admiral Dewey said: "Prior to the arrival of the monitors I felt uneasy, but now I am ready to hold this position against the whole earth."

Opposes Expansion.

Kansas City (Mo.).—The convention of the American Federation of Labor have declared, by almost unanimous vote, against a standing army in the United States. This vote is recognized as a protest against expansion or the spirit of imperialism, as it was termed by the delegates. This action was taken after five hours of debate on every phase of the question. The debate opened when a committee offered this resolution:

"Whereas, As a result of the recent war with Spain, a new and far-reaching policy known as imperialism, or expansion, is about to thrust upon us a large and standing army and an autocratic navy, this convention offers its protest and calls upon its officers to use all power to defeat it."

Samuel B. Donnelly of New York, President of the American Typographical Union, was practically the only delegate who in any way defended the cause of expansion.

A resolution was adopetd placing the Federation on record in favor of sending a representative of the Government to the Peace Congress of Nations proposed by the Czar of Russia.

Cannibals Feast on Belgians.

Antwerp.—The steamer Leopoldville, which has just arrived here from Africa with Congo advices, reports that four Belgian traders have been killed and eaten by the natives of upper Ubanghi. A punitive force, it is also said, has been dispatched to that district.

Cables to Gird the Globe.

London.—The morning newspapers print a letter addressed to Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, by Sir Sanford Fleming, chancellor of Queen's University, Canada, and a leading expert in telegraph communciation. He urges the unification of time throughout the world and advocates the adoption of a system of state-owned cables connecting every British possession and all Great Britain's naval coaling stations.

Sir Sanford Fleming proposes three sections of cables in the Pacific, Indian and Atlantic oceans, and estimates their cost at £6,000,000. The first step, he suggests is a state-owned Pacific cable. He contends that if his proposals were carried out the cost of cabling would be enormously cheapened.

Gun Plant for the West.

Washington.—The successful tests of the Gatling cast-iron and steel guns for the purposes of making and trying which the Senate Appropriation Committee put into the approriation bill $60,000, will mean that years of endeavor to secure a gun factory for the Pacific Coast are near to bearing fruit. In the event of the success of the cast-iron guns it is the intention of the Pacific Coast representatives to push plans for the establishment of a foundry in California. The reports of the first tests of the guns sent to the Sandy Hook proving grounds are that they have stood all tests without being strained by the immense pressures obtained, and confidence is expressed by those who have been in charge of the investigations that cast guns will prove the coming ordnance.

Germany Feels the Strain.

The Vienna correspondent of the Times says: In Austrian commercial and financial circles it is believed that Germany's leaning toward England and the United States is due to other than political consideration. The strain imposed upon the Berlin money market by the forced development of German trade is beginning to tell severely on German finance.

For the satisfaction of seizing new markets, terms have been granted which German industry and enterprise is ill able to afford. This abnormal condition has produced a situation which renders it advisable that the sympathies of the English and American money markets should not be estranged.

Feed for Poultry.

Mr. Nissen of Sonoma county, a well-known poultryman, feeds his fowls by filling the feed hoppers with grain as they become empty, using wheat when it does not cost more than 20 per cent more than corn. He gives a soft mash every other day, making it of whatever suitable food, cooked or uncooked, can be had cheapest, including shorts, meat, milk, beans, peas or potatoes. For water he fills a ten-gallon fountain every other day. He keeps the fowls in colonies of 100, each supplied with two roosting-houses and one egg-house, the latter containing the feed hoppers. All the houses are on runners and are moved once or twice a month. The fowls have a free run.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Confederates in the Homes.

Washington.—Representative Rixey of Virginia has introduced a bill for the admission of Confederate as well as Union soldiers to soldiers' homes.

The text of the bill follows: "That after the passage of this act all soldiers' homes and other institutions maintained by the Government for maimed, crippled and wounded soldiers and sailors of the United States shall be open to all soldiers and sailors of the Civil War of 1861-65 upon the same terms and without discrimination as to whether they were enlisted upon the side of the Union or the Confederacy."

New Guns for Russia.

Washington.—The Russian Government recently contracted a loan of $55,512,000 in France to be used in replacing her artillery with rapid-firing small caliber guns, according to a dispatch sent to the State Department from Consul-General Holloway at St. Petersburg. He says further that trials by experts have been concluded and report is said to be in favor of the manufacture of a gun embracing the best points of a number tested. As 6000 guns will be required within the next two years and Russia will not be able to manufacture that number, contracts will be made with foreign firms to furnish the remainder.

Big Tinplate Company.

Trenton (N. J.).—Articles of incorporation of the American Tin-Plate Company have been filed with the Secretary of State. The capital stock is $50,000,000. The company is empowered to offer and deal in tin, black plate and kindred products, also to own and operate mines. The company stock is divided into $20,000,000 preferred and $30,000,000 common stock. The incorporators are James B. Dill, of New York, Howard K. Wood of East Orange and Duncan P. MacLaren of East Orange.

The loss to the Standard Oil Co. by the recent fire at Los Angeles, Cal., is figured at $225,000.

TO FLOAT THE MAINE.

The Navy Department Hopes to Raise the Battleship.

CONFIDENT SHE CAN BE SAVED.

Famous Wreckers Anxious to Begin the Work of Rescue—No Pay Asked Until She is Safe in American Waters.

New York.—A Tribune special from Washington says: The Navy Department has not abandoned the hope of rescuing the Maine from Havana harbor and bringing the wreck back to this country for rehabilitation, nor does it seem likely, from the interest taken by responsible wrecking experts, that the Crsitobal Colon will be permitted to pound to pieces on the shore west of Santiago. The Board of Construction has under consideration a formal proposition for the salvage of both these vessels and their delivery at New York or such other port of the United States as the Government might select, but no company will be allowed to begin operations on the vessels until comparison can be made between offers from several trustworthy concerns.

A Swedish company, which is said to be the most capable and experienced in the world, now has experts at work on the Colon making an investigation into the difficulties involved in her salvage. Divers and engineers have been brought from Europe especially for this purpose, and after satisfying themselves of the Colon's condition and the expenses that must be incurred in floating her, they will go to Havana and examine the Maine. There is no doubt in the minds of naval officials that the report of these experts will result in a bona-fide offer from the Swedish company, but a disposition is manifested to give the preference to American wreckers if all other things are equal.

The Navy Department has, however, made a rigid rule that no proposition will be considered involving the Government in any expense until the vessels are safely delivered in a naval dry-dock, on the "no-cure-no-pay" principle. The offer under consideration came from some associated engineers in New York City, who have ample capital and who easily convinced the board of the feasibility of their project from an engineering point of view.

Their original terms, which are, however, subject to modification, contemplate payment by the Government of $250,000 in cash in the case of the Maine and $1,000,000 in the case of the Colon on their delivery at New York or Norfolk navy yard, in addition to one-third of the appraised value of these vessels on their arrival, at a valuation to be made by a board of arbitration. The uncertainty as to the precise amount of remuneration involved in this proposition is not attractive to naval officials, who will insist on stipulating the exact sum to be paid by the Government for salvage before the contract is signed.

Patti's Wedding Day Set.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from London says: The Manchester Courier says that February 25th is the date fixed for the marriage of Mme. Patti to Baron von Cederstrom, which will take place at Neath, Wales. Immediately after the ceremony the pair, accompanied by a small wedding party, will take the train for London. According to present arrangements the wedding breakfast will be served in a special saloon car. Baron von Cederstrom is about to become a naturalized British subject.

Italy as Britain's Ally.

London.—The Rome correspondent of the Daily Mail says: In the Chamber of Deputies Signor del Baono asserted the existence of an agreement, equivalent to a formal treaty, between Italy and Great Britain for the maintenance of the status quo in Africa along the Red Sea and the Mediterranean and in the Hinterlands of Tripoli and Raheita, as well as in the Soudan. It is noteworthy that his statement was not contradicted by the Government.

Linseed Oil Decision.

Chicago.—The suit of James H. Garver, a stockholder in the National Linseed Oil Company, to restrain the officers of that company from turning over its property to the American Linseed Oil Company, was decided in favor of the latter company in the Circuit Court, the injunction asked for being denied. It was asserted by the Court that a large part of the alleged indebtedness of $2,750,000 of the National Linseed Oil Company was fictitious.

Revolution in Bolivia.

Lima (Peru).—Advices received here confirm the report of a revolution in the Bolivian republic. A board of government has been formed at La Paz, capital of Bolivia, composed of Senor Rerapis Reyes Ortiz, prefect of the department of La Paz; Colonel Pando and Senor Macario Pinilla, Minister of the Interior and Justice in the Cabinet formed by Senor Covero Fernandez Alonzeo, President of Bolivia, in August, 1896. President Alonzeo is now at Cruco organizing the Government's forces to suppress the rebellion.

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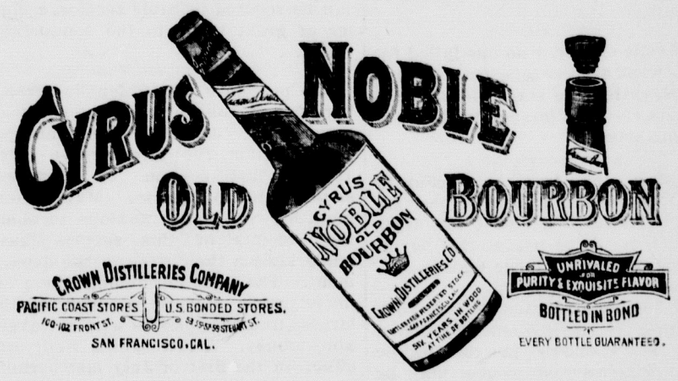

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Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

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My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

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South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM

Editor and Proprietor.

Israel Zangwill says he doesn't approve republics. Now what is to be done?

It will be remembered, however, that the Maria Teresa always was subject to those severe sinking spells.

It used to be said the longest pole got the most persimmons, but it also holds good that the biggest poll gets the most plums.

This case of the Maria Teresa again emphasizes the remark of the American captain who said: "Don't give up the ship."

One good way to double up one's money when about to bet on the result of an election is to fold it in two and put it in the pocket.

"Dewey's cotollon" is the latest fashionable dance in New York. If it isn't misnamed it probably is too lively to be danced with comfort.

The owner of the $1,700 found in a sleeping car recently has not appeared to claim his property. He probably imagines that he tipped the porter.

Spain has issued a mourning stamp. It must be affixed to all mail matter in addition to the regular postage. This regulation is what causes the mourning.

Tesla has invented a boat which requires no crew. The turning of a crank on the shore directs the boat. Tesla will probably act in the capacity of the crank.

The fact that the sale of tandem bicycles fell off 50 per cent last year is another indication of the tendency to go it alone which is characteristic of our people.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, who has failed for $64,000, with $200 assets, may or may not be elevating the stage, but she certainly has elevated finance to the level of the fine arts.

Supposing it's true this country drinks 1,000,000,000 gallons of beer annually, it seems to support the argument that excessive use of this beverage tends to produce large figures.

A rule has been adopted in New York for bidding the employment of married women as teachers in the public schools. The married women may be able to stand such a discrimination, but the blow will fall heavily upon some of the married men.

All the girls in Edwin Gould's New Jersey match factory struck for higher wages. "We don't propose to make matches for nothing," explained their leader. And she was right, too. If the girls want to make matches the boys should do the proposing.

A "gory toddy" drawn from the veins of a horse which has been kept in a state of beastly intoxication for a month and hypodermically injected into the anatomy of the victim of alcoholism is the latest cure announced for the drink appetite. If this new serum works as well as described, we shall soon see rum routed.

The recent fire at the capitol in Washington may ultimately be found to have wrought more benefit than damage if the object lessons which it has taught will be learned by Congress. The most important of these is that the Government should erect without further delay a hall of records for the safe keeping of the great volume of precious documents such as those stored in the basement of the Supreme Court quarters and seriously menaced by the flames and water.

Men now living can remember when Rowland Hill effected the adoption of the "penny post" in England, and the vast progress it marked in human intercourse and information. To-day we stand upon the threshold of a penny post era, not only throughout the British empire, but in all the English-speaking world. It will be a time of mighty forward movements toward that intimate intercourse and sympathetic mutual knowledge that are the essential prelude to the brotherhood of man.

The political boss may well say, with Lord Clive, "Considering my opportunity, I am amzed at my own moderation." Clive himself, walking through the treasury of the nabob of Bengal, with gold and silver and rubies and pearls piled on each side of him; with no power on earth to limit or question him, never enjoyed opportunities equal to those of a boss in a great city. That his very nod is Olympian is well expressed by a recent speaker: "If anybody refuses to give him the position to which he thinks he is entitled, that person is likely to find an engine-house erected in his back yard."

Saturday Evening Post: The introduction of electricity in the street railroad service has seriously injured two great American industries, both closely related—the breeding of draft horses and the growing of hay. It is computed that the trolley and cable cars have displaced 290,000 horses in the cities of Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Richmond and Toledo alone. This means a decrease in the consumption of hay of more than thirteen hundred tons per day. Other cities would nearly treble these figures. In the decade of 1880-1890 the hay crop of the United States nearly doubled; in the period of 1891-93 the increase was only 1,000,000 tons; and in the calendar year of 1897 the production was more than five million tons less than that of 1893. The extent of the hay industry indicates the seriousness of electricity's injury. Last year the production from 42,426,770 acres was 60,664,876 tons, valued at $401,390,728.

One of the results of the late war between the United States and Spain will most likely be the abolition of that form of naval piracy which finds its justification in prize courts. In the military service of the civilized world the principle of looting conquered territory has long since been abandoned. Yet, through that strange contradiction which has not reformed the navy in the same ratio in which the army has been brought under civilizing influences, not only did the merchant vessels carrying contraband goods fall a prey, but a valuation on the warships destroyed is bound to go to officers and sailors of the ships engaged in the fight.

Gen. Greely of the signal service, in his annual report, announces what may practically be called a new system of telegraphy, whose commercial utility promises to be of much value. This new and scientific method of telegraphy was discussed in last year's report under the title of "Synchronograph" and was the subject of experiments at Fort Monroe, Va. Since then Prof. Albert C. Crehore and Lieut.-Col. George O. Squier have pursued their investigations, under the direction of the chief signal officer of the army, with gratifying results. The officers named visited England for the purpose of testing the new method of sign-wave telegraphy by the use of the alternate current. In England they were given every facility for experiment work over the government telegraph lines, and demonstrated that by the new method words can be sent at the rate of over 3,000 a minute over a line 1,100 miles long. By constructing transmitters for commercial purposes it is expected that much greater speed can be secured in cable service, a matter of great value to the commercial world.

The postoffice department is arranging for a considerable extension of rural free delivery. The enlarged appropriation for this purpose voted at the last session of Congress enables it to do so. Many communities which are anxious to share the benefits of this service have made known their wish to the department. The selection among them is made with a view to benefiting the largest number possible with the available money. A law which went into effect on the first of July last permits the use of private mailing cards. Heretofore the postal card by the Government was the only one allowed. Now any one may put the address and a one-cent stamp on any card of about the same size, form and weight as the postal card, and write a message on the other side of the card. The Government will profit by the use of these cards, for it will save the cost of their manufacture, while the senders will be permitted to print on the message side any business devices, or views of scenery, such as travelers abroad like to mail to their friends. A reform which is to be hoped for is the introduction of stout, linen-lined stamped envelopes in which to send registered mail. Such envelopes are in common use in Europe, and are found to be a great convenience and much safer than our system of putting the stamp of registration on an ordinary envelope.

The language of diplomacy is always restrained, but while the words are carefully chosen so as to avoid unnecessary offense, every phrase has a definite meaning. When Lord Rosebery was prime minister in England there were signs that France had set her eyes upon the equatorial provinces in Africa from which the Egyptian garrisons had been withdrawn during the Soudan rebellion. He authorized Sir Edward Grey to declare, in 1895, that a French advance to the waters of the Nile would be regarded by the British Government as "an unfriendly act." In ordinary conversation these three words would not be emphasized by any stress of voice, nor would they ordinarily be accepted as a warning. The man who protests in advance against an invasion of his rights generally uses a stronger word than "unfriendly." He refers to it as a "wanton outrage," or as a "high-handed act of hostility." What diplomacy means by "an unfriendly act" is an offense committed by one Government against another, which involves immediate risks of war. When Sir Edward Grey's warning was unheeded, and the French flag was raised on the Upper Nile at Fashoda three years afterward, there was a grave situation. France had committed an offense against England, and was confronted by a demand that Marchand should retire from Fashoda. The terms of the demand implied forcible action if it was not complied with. President Monroe, who was a diplomatist like his Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, used the same word "unfriendly" in proclaiming the famous doctrine which bears his name. He declared that any attempt on the part of European powers to interfere with or oppress the independent republics of the American continent, or to control their destiny, could not be viewed "in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." The phrase seems mild and lacking in emphasis. As diplomatists have understood the words, it has been strong and definite. The Monroe doctrine, with the warning implied by the single word "unfriendly," has sufficed for seventy-five years to protect the Western Hemisphere against European intrigue.

Every one occasionally longs for the kindness that is shown a rich man just before he dies

OUR SUNDAY SERMONS

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

BARON RUSSELL, Lord Chief Justice of Great Britain, has a sister in San Francisco, known to religion as Sister Mary Baptist, the Mother Superior of the Order of Sisters of Mercy in California, and the founder and head of St. Mary's Hospital.

Some ten years ago Baron Russell, then Sir Charles Russell, visited San Francisco incognito, expressly to see his sister. He was accompanied by Lord Coleridge. Since then the Superioress has not seen her distinguished brother, who is her junior five years.

Mother Russell is 68 years of age and has been in California since she was 26. She founded the order in that State, and many large institutions have sprung up under her able management, among them St. Mary's Hospital, Our Ladies' Home, the Mater Misericordia Sewing School for Poor Girls, the Magdalen Asylum, St. Peter's convent, Our Lady of Mercy's Academy at Berkeley and other schools. Mother Russell is loved for her kindness and esteemed for the same quality of mental gifts which have made her brother famous.

MOTHER MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

Staying Home from Church.

The habit of absenting one's self from the Sunday services of the church is one very easily made. Sometimes it is occasioned by sickness; very often some small excuse, some grudge against a member, some resentment at a fellow-member's fault, is the occasion. Jesus will be there, even if an unworthy member is present. Jesus may be present especially to meet and forgive that unworthy member, and who are we that we should judge a brother or a sister? We must be careful not to repeat Thomas' error, or we may also—we almost certainly will also—repeat his unbelief. If we do not, like Thomas, come back again to the place where Jesus meets His Disciples, how can we expect to meet Him? At least, let no one be so jealous for the honor of Christ and His church that he shall dishonor both by avoiding both.—Independent.

God Understands.

A touching little incident is told of one of the Chinese babies, aged about 6 years, who was an inmate of a mission home. One evening, after her evening prayer, she got off her little knees and turned with a very disturbed air, saying, "Mrs. Field, do you think God understands Chinese?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Field. "But why do you ask?"

"Because sometimes when I feel very unhappy I like to pray to God in Chinese; of course, I always say my prayers at night in English, but sometimes I like to pray in my own language."

She was assured that her heavenly Father understood all languages, and she could relieve her overburdened little heart in her own language in perfect safety.—Ram's Horn.

Characteristics of Biblical Authors.

If you are getting lazy, watch James.

If your faith is below par, read Paul.

If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.

If you are just a little strong-headed, go and see Moses.

If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.

If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you.

If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land.—Boston Gazette.

In Sickness and Sorrow.

God takes no pleasure in pain or sorrow, but He will impose both if thereby He may bring us to love Him or make us more like Himself. At such a time it is selfish, unbelieving, to complain and murmur—very wicked to find fault with God. There are medicines which, taken with wisdom and in moderation, baffle disease and restore health; but abused, they weaken and destroy. So with sickness and sorrow, as we please to use them. To some they are what God means them for all, a savor of life unto life; to others, a savor of death unto death. At such a time it is only wise to be very considerate, very humble, very submissive.

General Religious Notes.

Bishop John P. Neuman stated in a recent sermon that the annual liquor bill of this country amounts to $1,000,000,000.

Of the thirty bishops and archbishops of Great Britain twenty-four owe their present positions to Lord Salisbury.

Out of a population of 122,000 Indians in Canada about 38,000 are Roman Catholics and the same number are Protestants.

It is said to be a rule that New England Congregationalists who settle in Philadelphia become Presbyterians and Presbyterians who go to New England become Congregationalists.

The Lambeth conference has commissioned Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, to take the necessary steps for a retranslation of the Athanasian creed with the object of "modifying the uncompromising rendering of the damnatory clauses."

The number of medical missionaries in foreign fields has increased in five years from 122 to 460. Of these 168 are in China, 105 in India, forty-four in Africa, thirty-four in Syria and Turkey and a smaller number in each of nearly a score of other countries. Two hundred and forty-six are from the United States, 174 from Great Britain, and the rest from Canada.

Prof. L. T. Townsend has been elected a member of the Victoria institute in recognition of the merit of his recent book, "Evolution or Creation."

Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, has dispensed with the use of wines at Lambeth palace, where during all episcopal regimes since the reformation wine has been habitually served.

Catnip at the Zoo.

Country people who are in the habit of bringing home a few sprays of catnip now and then for the delectation of pet cats will enjoy the following breezy paragraphs from the Chicago Times-Herald:

Some time ago an armful of fresh catnip was picked and taken to Lincoln Park to try its effect on the animals there. So far as known, catnip does not grow in the native homes of these animals, and this was the first time they had ever smelled it.

The scent of the plant filled the whole place, and as soon as it reached the parrots' corner the two gaudily attired macaws set up a note that drowned thought, and made for the side of the cage, poking their beaks and claws through. When the catnip was brought near them they became nearly frantic. They were given some, and devoured it, stem, leaf and blossom, with an avidity commensurate with the noise of their voices.

The keeper and the catnip-carrier then made for the cage of Billy, the African leopard. Before the front of his cage was reached he had bounded from the shelf whereon he lay, apparently asleep ,and stood expectant. A double handful of catnip was passed through to the floor of the den.

Never was the prey of this African dweller in his wild state pounced upon more rapidly or with more absolute savage employment. First Billy ate a mouthful of the catnip; then he lay flat on his back and wriggled through the green mass until his black-spotted yellow hide was filled with the odor.

Then Billy sat on a bunch of the catnip, caught a leaf-laden stem up in either paw, and rubbed his cheeks, chin, nose, eyes and head. He ate an aditional mouthful or two, and then jumped back to his shelf, where he lay the very picture of contentment.

In the tigers' cage there is a very young but full-grown animal. When this great, surly beast inhaled the first sniff of the catnip he began to mew like a kitten. Prior to this the softest note of his voice had been one which put the roar of the big-maned South American lion to shame.

That vicious tiger and his kindly dispositioned mate fairly revelled in the liberal allowance of the plant which was thrust into their cage. They rolled about in it, and played together like six-weeks-old kittens. They mewed and purred; tossed it about, ate of it, and after getting about as liberal a dose as Billy, the leopard, had had, they likewise leaped to their respective shelves and blinked lazily at the sun.

The big lion, Major, was either too dignified or too lazy to pay more than passing attention to the bunch of catnip which fell to his lot. He ate a mouthful or two of it, licked his chops in a "that's not half bad" way, and then went back to his nap. The three baby lions quareled over their allowance, and ate it every bit.

Of Eastern Origin.

One must turn to the dim, mysterious East for the origin of the rosary; it is among the temples of India, China and Japan that the first sign of its use is to be found. Ancient pictures of the Hindoo gods depict them with chaplets of beads in their hands, and it is believed that this method of keeping count of their many prayers was in use among the Hindoos before the era of Buddha, or at least 500 B. C.

The use of the rosary seems especially suited to an Eastern clime and to the repose of an Oriental mind. The Buddhists are fond of using very smooth beads of glass, polished jade, or coral.

The favorite Japanese rosaries are made of polished wood, crystal, onyx and chased silver. A rosary of very great size was recently brought from a temple in Kioto, Japan. The largest bead is about six inches in diameter, and the rosary entire is about twenty-four feet long. The huge beads are of dark brown polished wood. They are hollow, and have each a figure of a god inside the little shrine, which can be seen through a lattice of brass work.

Electric Wagons Cheapest.

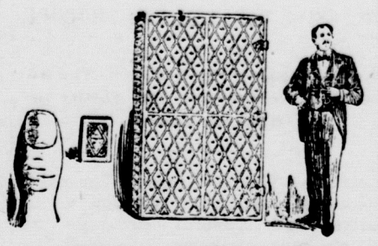
Experiments made in Paris show that an electric wagon costs 47 per cent. less to run than a horse wagon and 32 per cent. less than a petroleum motor.

Perhaps the periodical toper realizes that there are periods in his life at which he should come to a full stop.

EXTREMES MEET.

World's Largest and Smallest Books Are in the British Museum.

Inquiry has determined that the largest bound volume exists in the British Museum. It stands 5 feet 10 inches high and is 3 feet 2 inches across. In the binding of this Brobdingnagian book eight different skins were employed, four being required for each cover. The volume occupies a less conspicuous position in the king's library than its size justifies. When the winter months arrive it might be used as a screen to keep out the draughts. George IV. presented the volume to the nation in Januray, 1823, but the nation has not appreciated his gift, for the book has only been consulted once in the memory of the oldest British Museum official. It is kept closed with three gilt clasps and the diamond-shaped spaces on the covers are filled with alternate representations of the rose, thistle and harp. The volume requires four strong men to lift it. Probably that accounts for the studious carefulness with which bookworms have up to the present avoided it.



LARGEST AND SMALLEST BOOKS.

Not inappropriately the British Museum also contains the smallest bound volume in the world, and a photograph thereof (actual size) is reproduced herewith side by side with the world's largest volume. This tiny book, which is about the size of a man's thumb nail, is called "Schloss' English Bijou Almanac," and bears the date 1839. The book is beautifully illustrated and pictures and letterpress are both engraved. The contents consist of pictures of eminent personages, including the Duchess of Kent and the Duke of Wellington, tokether with brief biographical sketches. There are about 100 pages in all, and these are packed within a space of three-quarters of an inch by half an inch.

THE ORIGINAL UNCLE SAM.

Picture Is Said to Have Been Painted in 1816 by Probasco.

The so-called portraits of Uncle Sam are legion, but with few exceptions they are little better than caricatures, and not in the last typical of the far-seeing, shrewd but benevolent and genial old man of the original conception. What is said to be the original of this type of portrait was painted in 1816 by the artist Probasco, of whom nothing further is known. The picture is a fine oil painting, and is at present in the hands of the heirs of the late Judge Lawrence, of Lowell, Mass., who reside about fifty miles west of Toledo, Ohio.

THE ORIGINAL UNCLE SAM.

The portrait shows the familiar blue coat, with brass buttons, the red and white shirt, the beaver hat with the stars and stripes on the band. The reproduction is from a photograph made by Joseph R. Blanchard.—New York Sun.

A State Dinner.

Victor Smith, formerly a resident of Ohio and a personal friend of Secretary Chase, is described by Noah Brooks in "Washington in Lincoln's Time" as one of the disturbing elements that made the great Secretary's last days in the Treasury Department turbulent and unhappy.

Victor Smith had been appointed by the Secretary to the place of collector of customs at Port Townsend, Washington Territory. Smith was a restless visionary, and in these later days would have been called a crank. While he was collector at Port Townsend, Smith succeeded in inducing the Government to move the custom house from that point to another on Puget Sound.

It was a foolish and hair-brained scheme, and created a bitter feeling among business men. His new place was named Port Angelos. There the collector maintained himself for a time in a semi-barbaric proprietorship.

It is related of him that he once invited the officers of the revenue cutter Shubrick to dine at his house; and the officers, considering that the collector of the port was a high functionary, arrayed themselves in full dress, with swords, gold lace and other gorgeous insignia of their station, and went ashore in state to wait upon Collector Smith at his mansion, which was then in an unfinished condition.

In due course of time the collector, assisted by his wife, brought out two carpenter's sawhorses, on which was placed a board covered with wrapping paper. The repast, which was as simple as any ever partaken of by the hermits of olden time, was then set forth; and Smith, taking from his pockets three big apples, gave one to each of the three officers, with a small forked stick, remarking, "You'll have to roast your own apples."

FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS.

The Most of Them Are Purchased by Americans.

South Africa is the world's greatest diamond mine, and the United States is the best market in the universe for diamonds. The exports of diamonds from South African diamond fields exceed £3,000,000 per annum, and the world's total output is about £4,000,000. Of this total the United States buys about £2,500,000 worth, almost entirely in cut stones.

While tariff changes have affected somewhat the diamond trade in the United States, and have recently promoted the business of diamond cutting and setting there, they have been without serious effect upon the American market, which for diamonds is the best in the world.

In the United States one is impressed with the extraordinary popularity and almost lavish use of diamonds. Not only are there more diamonds there than in any other part of the world, but they are in more general use.

The most valuable individual diamonds of the world's supply are seldom worn. The largest known diamond weighs 366 carats. The value of the famous Kohinoor, which weighs 103 carats, is £100,000, but the value of diamonds is not wholly regulated by weight, color being an important element.

Until a century and a half ago, the world's diamond field was India, and for nearly a century India held this position. Then the discovery of diamond mines in Brazil brought South American diamonds into the market; and in 1868 the South African or Cape diamond fields were discovered, and have been worked with great profit ever since while the Brazilian fields have been practically abandoned.

The South African diamond field covers 15,000 square miles, and one field—the Kimberly, covering nine acres—has produced more than £20,000,000 worth of diamonds since 1871.

The present annual export of diamonds from the South African diamond fields averages 1,500 pounds in weight, to a value, as we have stated, of over £3,000,000.

Two thousand white and 20,000 native miners are employed there. For some reason which is not very plain, although the products of diamond mines have been for many years in territory owned and controlled either by England, Spain or Portugal, the business of diamond-cutting has centered in and about the Netherlands, and particularly Belgium. The first guild of diamond-cutters was established in the town of Bruges, in that country, more than 500 years ago, and since that time the business has been a very profitable one, both in Antwerp and Amsterdam.—Canton Spare Moments.

Bishop Doane.

A rather good story is told about Bishop Doane and another member of the Episcopal house of bishops from the Middle States, who is fond of a good joke, as many of the venerable gentlemen of the churches are. Bishop Doane addresses his colleagues with whom he is on especially familiar terms by the name of the diocese instead of by their surnames, and in correspondence frequently makes use of his own and other titles.

It is related that on one occasion he wrote a letter to the other bishop referred to, and in signing it used the term "William of Albany" instead of his name. His correspondent promptly replied to the letter, and in his answer said:

"It is really too bad, bishop, that you are not of the Western diocese of your State instead of Albany. If you were you might very appropriately sign yourself 'Buffalo Bill.'"—Washington Times.

The Professor's Treasures.

A shepherd in a Highland inn was once recounting to a companion his experiences with one of those "mad Englishmen," who proved to be a celebrated professor then collecting specimens in the neighborhood.

"There was one of them," he said, "who asked me to carry his bag by a short cut across the hills to his inn, while he went by the road. When he was out of sight I stopped to look into it, for it was unco' heavy; and would you believe it, man, it was full of stones—nothing but stones!"

"Stones!" repeated his companion. "Stones! And did you carry them?"

"Not I. I just emptied the bag there, and filled it from the cairn near the inn; and I gave him good measure for his money, I'll warrant ye."—Spare Moments.

Aluminum's First Discoverer.

The first discoverer of aluminum had the reward of his genius. Pliny tells us that in the reign of Tiberius (41 B. C. to 37 A. D.) a worker in metals presented a beautiful metal cup resembling silver, but lighter, to the Emperor, who qusetioned him, and learned that he had extracted the new metal from clay. The secret, he said, was known but to himself and the gods. The sage Tiberius reflecting that if this metal could be made from earth it would lower the price of silver and gold, decapitated the artificer in order that his secret might remain with the gods, and so deprived the world of a most useful metal for eighteen centuries.

A woman sometimes prefers a man's presents to his company.

Opportunities make brief calls and if you are out they seldom return.

RAILROAD TRAINS TO RUN SLOWER.

Railroad officials claim that it is very expensive to run their express trains, and are talking about reducing the speed. It is likewise expensive to the health to struggle and compete in business affairs as men do nowadays. The whole system gives out. For restoring strength Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the proper remedy.

Former Parliamentary Privileges.

The privilege of freedom from arrest enjoyed by members of parliament is confined to civil matters; but, since the abolition of imprisonment for debt, this immunity has been shorn of most of its utility. Formerly it was a very useful privilege. Disraeli says of one of the characters in his first novel, "Vivian Grey," that "the only way to keep him out of the house of correction was to get him into the house of commons." Parliament was then a convenient haven of refuge for "splendid paupers."

In one case an English member named Mills, who owed £23,000 and for whose arrest a warrant was in the hands of the sheriff, avoided imprisonment by purchasing a seat for one of the old "rotten boroughs" in 1807 for the sum of £1,000. In another case an Irishman named Bourke was confined in the King's Bench prison about 70 years ago in execution for a considerable debt. His friends got him elected for an Irish constituency, but he never entered the house. On his release after election he fled to the continent and remained there.

Again in 1825 the year before Disraeli published "Vivian Grey," a man who was in prison for debt was returned for Bererley, a small English borough, and was forthwith released on a warrant issued by Mr. Speaker. It was a case in real life of from the house of correction to the house of commons.—Good Words.

Effect of Lime on the System.

A medical scientist is authority for the statement that children and old people especially suffer from a lack of lime in the system. Persons who habitually drink soft water, while they may enjoy immunity from certain of the ills of life, expose themselves to others perhaps quite as much to be avoided. Hard water helps the teeth and the bones by furnishing lime, which is necessary to health, growth and development. Old persons who drink but little lose their teeth more quickly than those who take a reasonable amount of drinking water. Lime, or food products in which it abounds, should be a part of the regular supply furnished to the system. One of the most valuable vegetables for this purpose is the yellow turnip or ruta baga, which should be given to growing children at least once a week. Properly prepared, it is very relishable and its food value has never been appreciated.

There is no Telling.

Be sure not to let Rheumatism stay in the system longer than you can get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil to cure it. There is no telling what part it may strike or how much misery it may give.

A Natural Sequence.

"The doctors had a consultation yesterday."

"What was the result?"

"I understand that the family lawyers are now in secret session."—Brooklyn Life.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 26 1895.

A man is indeed ignorant if ignorant of the fact that he is ignorant.

Why the Best

How the Truth of a Well Known Statement is Established.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine money can buy. It has stood the test of time and trial. Its great merit is demonstrated by its cures of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Humor, Psoriasis, Scald Head, Boils, Blood Poisoning, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, etc.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price $1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

The Owl Drug Co.

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We Save You 25 to 50 per cent on all Drugs, Medicines, Rubber Goods, Trusses. Send for 100 page price list.

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On all orders of $1.00 or more, we will include an ounce of Raymond's Fragrant Sachet Powder worth 50c, free of charge providing you cut this advertisement out and send with order.

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Thompson's Dandelion and Celery Tonic.	$ 60
Hood's, Ayer's or Joy's Sarsaparilla	70
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Dr. Baker's Honduras Sarsaparilla	75
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Write For Catalogue—Free.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

THE HUSBAND'S FRIENDS.

THERE is nothing so absolutely false in this whole domestic menage as the fiction which the young wife generally voices soon after her marriage, and which at the time she absolutely believes in, namely, that her husband's friends will be welcome at any and all times. Every husband believes it, and, poor, rash man, acts upon it, thinking that he is wedded to the most perfect woman on earth and that his home is unlike any other founded on this mundane sphere. Alack and alas! he, like thousands of others, discovers sooner or later—generally sooner—that they were words, idle words, and that there are times and seasons when his friends are not only distinctly not welcome, but absolutely and horribly de trop.

Now when this fact is borne home to him with due emphasis, there is no reason why he should put all the blame on the poor little woman, who undoubtedly feels ten times more put out by the contretemps than he himself. Of course, remembering only her cordial sentiment, how would he keep in mind that Monday they always ate leftovers, or that she told him in the morning the cook had decided to leave that day. There is no use when this annoying thing occurs for the wife to be so overwhelmed with embarrassment that she sits silent and almost tearful through the entire meal, giving the visitor the impression that he is participating in a funeral feast and imbedding in his heart a rare pity for the poor fellow tied for life to such a stern and stony-faced disciplinarian.

Every man, be he bachelor or benedict, knows that "company" meals are not on tap in any save the household of a millionaire, and if the wife is only wise enough to realize this she can with her own bright welcome and a little tact make the plainest meal appear a veritable epicurean delight to the outsider. She ought to consider that what she deemed good enough for her husband should be good enough for any one else on earth. If she has so forgotten her wifely obligations as to palm off a really meager or unpalatable meal on the one who provides for her support, so that by stinting the table she can swell the pockets of her dressmaker, then she ought to be made to feel ashamed of herself and no lesson can be too severe for her to learn. Hospitality is a keynote to domestic happiness, and it need not be lavish to act its proper part at making the home the first place a man thinks of taking his friends, sure that no sour looks will greet him if he happens to issue the invitation on wash day or the maid's day out.—Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens.

The successor to Frances E. Willard as president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Laugh and Grow Lovely.

One's general physical condition is so closely allied to the mental that laughing is a good, invigorating tonic for the entire system.

A long, hearty laugh expands the lungs, making the blood course through the veins quickly, and this simple process gives a peach-like complexion to the woman who laughs. And when she laughs her eyes twinkle and the brightness lingers there after the laughter has died away.

Laughing, too, strengthens the muscles of the face and banishes that drawn look so familiar to the sad-faced woman.

The women who have adopted the laughing cure claim that they have never felt so cheerful and thoroughly good-natured before in their lives, and their friends tell them they are positively growing beautiful.

Head of Home Affairs.

A woman's home must be an expression of her own taste, and must prove the fact of her economy of time and strength and money. She must not feel herself superior to the most careful planning, nor reject the most trifling means toward accomplishing success in home management; indeed, she should be proud of an ability to make a nickel go as far as possible, and so oil the machinery of service that it seems to run itself.

When the head of home affairs can arrive at this point of experience she has reason to be proud of her management, says an exchange. It is possible for one who at the start did not possess the faculty of running things without fuss to become through training so sure of swift and certain effort that she can stand serene and happy, a very queen, whether in her kitchen or in her parlor.

The wife and mother who thus conquers does not reach her secure position without much discipline, many drawbacks and frequent discouragement; but if she keeps always the great and blessed end in view—that of creating and holding home happiness, comfort and love—she must win in the end.

And this running will not mean necessarily the sacrifice of any worthy ambition or of her most delicate tastes.

Dressing for At-Home Parties.

For at-home dancing parties young ladies are expected to be suitably gowned, which means in thin gowns of organdy, net, chiffon, etc., over silk linings, or light silk gowns with belts and sash ends of velvet edged with tiny frills of black or white mousseline. Silk at 75 cents a yard is pretty, and would be economical, as it would answer another season for lining. White, pink, turquoise, light yellow and lavender are the favorite evening colors in the order named. White forms a convenient dress, as different accessories may be used with it and the skirt worn with odd waists. If merely a looker-on, a light dress or waist, made high in the neck and long-sleeved, in silk or chiffon, or a light-weight veiling trimmed with three gored ruffles around the low neck and a removable yoke of white lace over pink, or of pin-tucked taffeta, with collar, belt and sash ends of the silk, would be appropriate. Another suitable toilette is a black silk or nice white wool skirt, with a full gathered waist of light-colored chiffon, having collar and sash of silk or velvet. One more advanced in years might wear a light waist and black skirt or an entire black silk costume with lace yoke or vest.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Tight Lacing.

Beyond the fact that a small waist is as out of date as hoops, and is very ugly, tight lacing destroys the contour of the bust and hips, and is ruinous to the complexion. If the digestive organs cannot have room to perform their functions, dyspepsia—one of the worst things flesh is heir to—ensues. Then follow the red nose, watery eyes and blotchy complexion. If a woman is inclined to be stout, lacing her waist makes the hips roll away in shelf-like and uneven lumps, for the flesh driven from one part of the body must seek another. The waist of the Venus de Medici, that accepted model of feminine loveliness, is twenty-two inches, though she is just a trifle above 5 feet in height. Our grandmammas boasted of their eighteen-inch waists, but the girl of the period, even if she is dainty enough "to step upon a lily leaf and not bend it," never allows her waist measurement to fall below twenty-two inches.

Amiability Attracts.

Many a man has been scared off from asking a woman to become his wife by the assertion from her lips that she has a bad temper and is proud of it. Men are selfish creatures, and, above all things, like physical and mental comfort. Perhaps the average man does not hope to attain happiness in this world, though in truth he never ceases to seek it, but he does believe that there is such a thing as harmony, and he knows that a bad tempered woman and harmony don't go hand in hand. Amiability is power, if women only knew it. By being always cheerful and amiable she can get a hold on men that the bad-tempered woman, no matter how beautiful, rich and alluring she is, never dreamed of in her philosophy. Amiability is not only power. It is health. It is mental progression. It is long life to one's self and to others.

Wear Trousers by Grant.

They allow women to wear male attire in France, but they are taxed for the privilege. The French government charges women $10 to $12.50 per year for wearing the trousers. This, however, does not give every woman who is willing to pay the tax a right to wear such garments. The government confers the right as a tribute to great merit, and makes it, in fact, a sort of decoration given to women, as the ribbon of the Legion of Honor is given to men.

Feminine Personals.

It is not generally known that Madame Patti made her professional debut in Cuba.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, though in the seventies, is a well-preserved woman and a fine type of the old-school Southern woman. The routine of her life has for years remained unchanged, but her famous wit is as brilliant as ever.

In Vienna telephone girls are required to change their dresses and wear a uniform when on duty, as the dirt they brought in from the streets affected the instruments. Their costume is a dark skirt and waist, with sleeves striped black and yellow, the Austrian national colors.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake announced at the convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs in New York last Thursday that the American eagle is a hen, and she wants it to be known henceforth as "the hen bird of American liberty." This is indeed carrying the woman's rights question into entirely new fields.

Mrs. Adelia A. F. Johnston, dean of the women's department of Oberlin College, first woman professor in this first college to practice co-education, has inspired her friends to raise a sum of $50,000 to found a permanent Adelia A. Field Johnston professorship, whose incumbent shall always be a woman.

Old Time Firemen.

Fifty years and more ago, when New York and many other cities relied upon the members of their volunteer fire department to put out fires, the ambition of each company was to be first at a fire and most efficient in subduing the flames.

One old time fireman says that nothing now can rouse in him the excitement which never failed to come at the sound of the fire alarm.

"Business, meals and health were of small account compared to a call to join the fire engine," this veteran says, with a retrospective sigh. "The night of my wedding there was a fire, but it came right in the middle of the marriage service and I had to miss it. However, there was one early the next morning while we were eating breakfast, and I went. No bride was so exacting as to expect to keep her husband at her side when the fire department had use for him."

There were no salaries in those days save those paid to chief engineers. The firemen paid for the painting and decorating of their honored engines and for such repairs as were needed from time to time. In the days before cities were divided into districts the volunteer firemen, added to active service on the field of the conflagration, frequently had a good deal of preliminary exercise in the way of running before they discovered where their services were needed.—Youth's Companion.

A Vegetable Caterpillar.

The most extraordinary object I have ever seen is the New Zealand vegetable caterpillar. The rata is a parasite creeper which first destroys its forest host and then crushes it to death and, usurping its skeleton, becomes a tree itself. If the rata seedling is dug up, it is found to be springing not from a seed, but from the head of a perfectly formed caterpillar.

It is supposed by some that the caterpillar, which on dissection proves to be internally the exact counterpart of its living insect relative, swallows the tiny rata seed while living, and burrowing into the ground becomes, instead of a chrysalis, the germinating home of the seed, which by some agency turns its unfortunate foster mother into wood.

Others, however, contend the caterpillar itself is produced by the rata, urging in support of their theory that if springing from a seed the shoot would grow out of different parts of the caterpillar instead of invariably growing out of the head.

The insect vegetable is yellowish, about four inches long, and is fully extended. I have seen them freshly dug up, and others that had been kept for years, and all had the appearance of a perfect insect carved in wood.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

Nothing takes the conceit out of a man like being beat at his own game.

Makes the Muscles Strong.

From hard work or excessive exercise soreness and stiffness sets in and lays up. St. Jacobs Oil will cure it after a few applications and make the muscles limber and strong.

Silk hats come high this season, but even men who are short must have them.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and calous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, damp or frosted feet. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

In a crowded car the standing of a well bred man is never questioned.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

The clergyman doesn't object to a young man's ranging a bicycle belle in church.

We pay $100 if we cannot prove that we can save you MONEY on everything you buy. We are saving the people of the Pacific Coast thousands of dollars every month. For full particulars, address, Gilbert Clements' Sons, 218 California St., San Francisco, Cal., Wholesale and Retailers of family Supplies.

The spruce American tars pine for an opportunity to pitch into the spaniards.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208-212 Bush street. American or European plan. Room and board $1.00 to $1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to $1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Deserved It.

"Sheriff," remarked the condemned murderer, as that functionary proceeded to put the black cap over his head, "I seem to be the sinner, sure, of all eyes."

Without any further delay the trap was sprung, and the hardened wretch went to his doom.—Chicago Tribune.

Schilling's Best

tea sold only in

Packages

Farming In Olden Times.

The Romans were the first people to practice plowing between the rows of wheat as we do between corn. The idea was suggested in a singular manner. A warlike tribe, having ravished a section of land at the base of the Alps, undertook to destroy the growing crops by plowing them up, but instead it was found that the rows accidentally hilled were twice as large as those that were not. The harrow or hoe used by the Chinese farmer is of the rudest construction. The plow is usually drawn by women of the lowest classes.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, when the corn stolen from the Indians by our Puritan ancestors was planted in the sand of Cape Cod, the only instrument used was a ponderous and ill shaped Dutch hoe, which required a heavy man to handle at all. Our first processes were not much in advance of those of the barbarians of central Europe. Today we number several hundred tools, from the most delicate to the splendid specimen of the combined reaper and thrasher, which cuts, thrashes, winnows and bags grain at the rate of hundreds of bushels per day.

English as Written In Norway.

Here is a good specimen of English as she is written abroad. We find it in St. Martin's-le-Grand, the postoffice magazine:

"The hotel for tourists on Turtegro (owner, Mr. Igar Oiene), is laying by the foot of the eminent 'Skagastolstinder,' the largest field in Jotunheimen for topmounters. The best leaders are to be had. It is the best place for country layers. Different interesting places for summer trips. Nearest stopping place for steamers—Skjolden. Recommands as station for passage to Lom—Gudbrandsdalen."

"Topmounters," as a description of the climbing fraternity, is decidedly good. But what is a "country layer?"—London News.

Strong as a Steel Ramrod.

If you want to feel your spine is a pipe-stem ready to snap, just get Lumbago. If you want to feel as strong as a steel ramrod, use St. Jacobs Oil; it has magic.

The men in society anyhow aren't mean enough to steal each other's hatpins at an evening reception.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Now at Burlingame will remove to its beautiful new home at Menlo Park, San Mateo Co., Cal., and re-open January 16th, 189 . Address, Ira G. Hoitt Ph. D., Menlo Park, Cal.

Chicago now has a "Drink, But Don't Treat Club," and if the motto is lived up to the membership may never be full.

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

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NOTE THE NAME.

NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

[A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM.]

A woman with the blues is a very uncomfortable person. She is illogical, unhappy and frequently hysterical.

The condition of the mind known as "the blues," nearly always, with women, results from diseased organs of generation.

It is a source of wonder that in this age of advanced medical science, any person should still believe that mere force of will and determination will overcome depressed spirits and nervousness in women. These troubles are indications of disease.

Every woman who doesn't understand her condition should write to Lynn, Mass., to Mrs. Pinkham for her advice. Her advice is thorough common sense, and is the counsel of a learned woman of great experience. Read the story of Mrs. F. S. BENNETT, Westphalia, Kansas, as told in the following letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped.

"I am now gaining strength and flesh, and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to say to all distressed, suffering women, do not suffer longer, when there is one so kind and willing to aid you."

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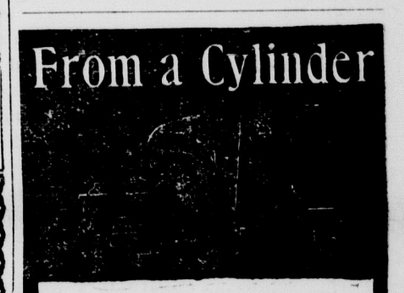

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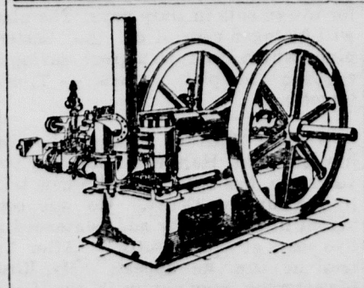

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Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1898.

GREETING.

On this eve of another Christmas Day, The Enterprise wishes all its readers, neighbors and friends a "Very Merry Christmas," and trusts the day may bring to each and every one a full measure of unalloyed joy, perfect pleasure and supreme happiness.

If the old year, now closing, has witnessed any personal feuds between neighbors, we trust they may, on this blessed anniversary be buried, never to see the light again.

Should there be any who, having prospered, have hardened their hearts to the wants of neighbors in distress, we trust their natures may be made tender and kind by the benign influence of this beneficent season.

On this day of peace and good will, let us all, dear readers, neighbors and friends, pray that the light of love may enter each and every heart, there to abide and shine through all the days of the glad new year.

The Senate of the United States adjourned on Wednesday, the 21st inst., to January 4, 1899. The holiday vacation of two weeks will leave only two months for the vast amount of important business to be transacted during the present session

---

As the rain came pouring down the past week, the hopes of California farmers went climbing up with a rush.

One shower will not make a crop, no more than two swallows make summer, but the downpour has broken the drouth and lent confidence that there is more moisture where the recent water came from.

The Nicaragua Canal bill is making progress. Senator Morgan is pushing the bill in the Senate, while in the House the Committee in charge of this subject have agreed upon a bill which provides for the construction of the canal by the Government of the United States under the supervision of the War Department and appropriates the sum of $115,000,000 outright for the purpose. The Canal is in favor and the popular demand for its immediate construction so imperative that the politicians will hardly dare to defeat it.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

LAWYERS' SHARP PRACTICE.

A petition was filed in the Superior Court last Thursday asking for a writ of mandate to compel Edward P. Colgan, State Controller, to show cause why the Treasurer of San Mateo County should not retain at the December settlement with the State $24,809.80, an amount alleged to be due and owing as fees and commissions earned by the County Auditor and Assessor, as fixed by law, during the years 1893-1898, inclusive.

Rodgers, Paterson and Slack, and Devlin & Devlin, the attorneys in the case, bring suit under the contract with the Board of Supervisors for 25 per cent of the amount recovered.

The joker which Devlin & Devlin of Sacramento and Rodgers, Patterson and Slack of San Francisco have had up their sleeve and have used to induce Supervisors in almost every county of the State to enter into a contingent contract with them to collect moneys due from the State treasury, has at last protruded itself. They evidently consider that they have unearthed a statutory provision which requires the payment by the State to the county of a commission for the services of the Auditor, Assessor, Treasurer and Tax-Collector in gathering the State's portion to the taxes. In the action which was filed in the Superior Court of this county, being a mandate directed to State Controller Colgan, the sum of $24,809.80 is specified as the amount due and earned in the years from 1893 to 1898, inclusive. The proceedings here and elsewhere throughout the State will be watched with considerable interest.

"This litigation," said a well-posted county official, yesterday, "savors of decidedly sharp practice. The proposition as submitted was a bait at which hardly any one would fail to bite, and if it is finally determined that the claim is legal, the Legislature will probably add a little more law to assess the charge back to the people. In that event, the 25 per cent commission which has been voted to the attorneys will be the amount of the loss of the taxpayers. As a matter of protection to themselves, the various Supervisors should organize to fight the litigation which the lawyers have instituted. If there is anything in equity, they will be knocked out.—Coast Advocate.

REFLECTIONS.

If love is scarce, so is friendship. But, after all, can one expect to find a summer hillside growing all berries and no weeds? If one gains a basket full of fruit after hunting all day through a ten-acre lot, one is pretty well content. Let us be thankful then if we find now and then a lover and a friend worth the having. Do not think, my little girl, you who write me so sadly of the unfaith of friends, that you need despair because as yet you have not found a loyal and abiding comrade of the soul. I think friendship is a gain of mature years. Like the golden-rod, it blossoms in the last of the season and glorifies the months that are beset with frost. The friendships of youth are like morning-glories; they are inexpressibly sweet while they last, but they fold their air tents early and slip away. Shall I tell you my definition of a friend? And I know of what I speak, for I have had such one. He is honest and does not shrink from telling us our faults if the telling hoes out the weeds. He is loyal and dares stand up for us among those who do not like us. He is constant, and carries our names on the palms of his hands and our memory in his heart. He is true, and, even though we go astray, seeks us and brings us back. He is kind, and in his kindness we are content as birds that sing in the shadow of a green tree. He is faithful, and not death itself can close the door between us. He is sympathetic, and to him we carry our troubles and joys alike. He is a counselor, a refuge in time of trouble, a rock whether floods arise, a shelter from the storm, a comfort when all fails, and a defender when the adversary gets out his slingshot and lays in wait for our soul. Money is good and beauty and youth are the passports to pleasure, but a true friend is the grandest gift heaven ever bestowed. With one such perfect friend to brighten my life I should snap my finger at poverty, sickness and Satan himself. Don't complain, then, if you do not gather a basket full of this fruit of the Gods, or if the harvest does not ripen in the spring.—Amber, in Falls City (Nebraska) Journal.

UNION COURSING PARK.

O'Grady Wins the Great Stake.

A Fifty-to-One Shot Beats All the Cracks.

O'Grady, a despised 50-to-1 shot, won the great stake at Union Park yesterday from the largest number of cracks ever seen in one event. Long shots have been capturing the top prizes at Union Park lately, but O'Grady's victory is the greatest surprise of all. Never since he captured a sapling stake has the son of Said Pasha won out, though he divided, once with False Flatterer.

Other short ends were plentiful. White Chief fooled the talent each time he ran, though he had two undecideds. He beat Van Cloie, a 5-to-1 favorite, and One Spot, a 4-to-1 favorite. The old lurcher ran honestly and showed his old-time speed. Jennie Wilson beat Mind Your Eye, a 6-to-1 favorite. Game old Emin Pasha sent Lord Byron to his kennel, though the Lord was a 2-to-1 favorite. Jennie Wilson also beat Victor King, a 3-to-1 favorite, as she showed more speed than ever before.—Chronicle.

ONE MORE CEMETERY.

The Congregation Ohabai Shalon, composed of members of the Bush-street Temple, San Francisco have purchased ten acres of land near Colma for burial purposes.

Articles of incorporation are now being filed with the Secretary of State, all the stock having been subscribed. The following are the incorporators: J. M. Strauss, P. Stern, P. Shmidt, D. Stern, M. Blackman and M. Kahn. Work on the ground will be commenced in a few days. Contracts will be called for, and it is expected that the cemetery will be ready for interments in sixty days. The plats will be taken care of on the Eastern plan, which will be a great saving of expense to plat owners. — Times-Gazette.

William Barron McKay, who shot his cousin in Halfmoon Bay over two years ago, has been denied a new trial by the Supreme Court. He was convicted in this county and sentenced to five years at San Quentin. After the trial he took an appeal. Mr. Ross, his attorney, may apply to the Court for a rehearing.—Times-Gazette.

EVERYBODY SAYS SO.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

TO CURE CONSTIPATION FOREVER.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

WAGNER'S METHOD.

When Possessed With a Poetic Idea, He Wrote It In Music.

"In one of his writings Wagner tells us that he never felt any musical inspiration unless a dramatic idea had taken complete possession of him," writes Houston Stewart Chamberlain on "How Richard Wagner Wrote His Operas," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "When this was the case, the different personages would, one after another, obtrude upon his fancy, gaining gradually in bodily consistency. Then, all of a sudden, in the dusk of evening, one of these creatures of his fancy would rise up before him, gazing at him with eyes wide open. Fascinated and almost trembling, Wagner would remain with eyes fixed on those of his guest from dreamland. But, lo, the shadow's lips tremble and open! What issues from them is neither words nor song. It is a superhuman language, but the poet understands it, and it remains ringing in his ears when the apparition has vanished. This is the precise moment of inspiration. All that follows is more or less mechanical, more or less fortuitous. Whether a work be written out and completed sooner or later will depend upon all sorts of circumstances—time, health, etc.

"This, then, is the essential thing to remember—that Wagner never could compose unless driven to do so by a poetical idea peremptorily demanding the language of music for its full and adequate expression, and that, once this poetical and dramatic idea clearly and permanently ingrafted in his mind, it 'included'—if I may so say—the music, which came of itself whenever the author could find time for the business of writing out the score."

Ruined by Mules.

N. P. Le Grand, an Alabama farmer, says that many negroes in the south are ruined by mules, and he thinks he has proved it. He owns a great deal of farm land, which he rents to negroes on condition that they shall do their work with an ox instead of a mule. As a result, all his tenants are prosperous and pay their rent promptly. The ox, he explains, is entirely capable in all the requirements of the cotton patch, but he has his limitations, and his colored master does not think of mounting him and riding off on useless errands or pleasure trips. As the negro cannot ride to distant churches, cake walks or "hoe downs," and as he will not walk, he goes to bed and is rested and ready for labor in the morning.

So far as the inference from this experiment goes, the negro, plus a mule, is a shiftless and unreliable citizen, but eliminate the mule and substitute an ox, and he becomes regular in his habits, businesslike and prosperous.—New York Tribune.

Wet and Damp.

The sudden application of a wet sheet is a stimulus to which the system responds with a reaction which sets up a brisk circulation, resulting in a healthy glow and general activity of the organs. In addition to this, it is probable that some of the evil "humors" of the body may be dissolved out through the pores of the skin.

All this is healthy, provided the system can withstand the shock and the heat is kept in by blankets outside the sheet. In the case of damp sheets, however, there is no stimulus, and the body merely loses heat in absorbing the moisture.

This loss contracts the surface vessels and drives an excess of blood back upon the internal organs. Added to this disturbance of the blood circulation there is also a congestion of the lubricating fluids of the surface muscles and joints, which produces stiffness and in serious cases rheumatism, complicated through the other causes with fever.

Bishop Buffalo Bill.

A rather good story is told about Bishop Doane and another member of the Episcopal house of bishops from the middle states, who is fond of a joke, as many of the venerable gentlemen of the church are. Bishop Doane addresses his colleagues with whom he is on especially familiar terms by the name of their diocese instead of by their surnames, and in correspondence frequently makes use of his own and other titles, relates the Washington Times.

It is related that on one occasion he wrote a letter to the other bishop referred to and in signing it used the term "William of Albany" instead of his name. His correspondent promptly replied to the letter, and in his answer said:

"It is really too bad, bishop, that you are not of the western diocese of your state instead of Albany. If you were, you might very appropriately sign yourself 'Buffalo Bill.'"

A Strong Combination.

"Your mother agrees with me exactly, Johnny," said his father, proceeding to trim the twigs from a tough switch. "She thinks with me that you need a good trouncing, and you are going to get it, my son."

"Yes," bitterly exclaimed Johnny, "you and maw always agrees when it comes to lickin me. You and maw's the whole thing. I don't never have no show. This fam'ly's run by a trust!"—Chicago Tribune.

Thunder In Various Regions.

Java is said to be the region of the globe where it thunders oftenest, having thunderstorms 97 days in the year. After it are Sumatra, with 86 days; Hindustan, with 56; Borneo, with 54; the Gold Coast, with 52, and Rio de Janeiro, with 51. In Europe, Italy occupies the first place, with 38 days of thunder, while France and southern Russia have 16 days. Great Britain and Switzerland have each 7 days, and Norway has 4. Thunder is rare at Cairo, being heard only 3 days in the year, and extremely rare in northern Turkestan and the polar regions.—London Standard.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TOWN NEWS.

SANTA CLAUS TO THE CHILDREN OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

With reindeer fleet I am on the way,
To be with you here on Christmas day:
And in my sacks I have gifts and toys,
For all the little girls and boys.

Within my book I have written down,
The name of every child in town
For whom I have brought a Christmas tree,
And at the Butchers Hall I'll be.

I have such an awful lot to do
I wont be there until nearly two:
Then meet me there and we'll have such fun,
With presents for each and every one.

SANTA CLAUS.

Merry Christmas to all!

Good-bye to a dry winter.

And Mellie is sure enough married.

This is a good time to subscribe for The Enterprise.

G. W. Bennett of Alameda paid our town a visit on Sunday.

The engine at the Fuller Works was tested Monday and behaved splendidly.

Business is brisk at the packing-house and stock yards.

Report has it that there will be another saloon in town shortly.

The Pottery resumed operations with a strong working force on Tuesday.

Miss Josie Moriarity will spend her holidays at Lorin in Alameda county.

Mrs. Belle Sutherland has, we regret to learn, been quite ill the past week.

Fresh stock of goods at the Peoples' Store and holiday novelties in endless variety.

Casca-Ferrine Bitters. The only tonic laxative. For sale at Holcomb's drug store.

Mr. J. L. Wood is confined to his room suffering from an attack of la gripppe.

On Wednesday Terry Masterson and John Fitzgerald of San Bruno paid our town a visit.

When you have a bit of local news, drop in at the office of The Enterprise and drop your news there.

Miss Fannie Furman left on Friday for Napa, where she will spend the holidays with her mother.

The raffle at Kneese's, on Tuesday, was a complete success. Everything went. Not a turkey or a goose left.

Don't forget the Woodmens' celebration at Butchers' Hall tomorrow. The Christmas tree will be worth seeing.

Rev. Ferguson has organized a large confirmation class, which will be pleasing news to the many friends of Grace Mission.

Joe Jannin has been somewhat "under the weather" the past week, occasioned by a light attack of la grippe.

Col. W.T.Rhoads has the contract to erect a two-story building for W. J. McCuen on lot 3, block 125, Grand avenue.

Judge D. J. Toohey and Walter Gallagher, attorneys at law of San Francisco, were in town on legal business Thursday.

Some of those young, soft maple trees still left for those of our citizens who will plant them. Inquire at Postoffice.

The Christmas tree, at Butchers' Hall, is a beauty, and it will be loaded with pretty tokens of "Merry Christmas" tomorrow.

Miss Kate Shaw and her brother, Master Will Taylor, leave today for Oakland, where they will spend Christmas with their mother.

Land Agent W. J. Martin had a party of visitors last Wednesday, who examined various sites about town and in the manufacturing district.

The Brittan divorce case, which has been the subject of much comment and speculation as to its outcome, has been compromised and will be settled out of court.

Menlo Park has occupied prominence in the obituary columns the past week, caused by the death of M. E. Doyle and Mrs. McBain, wife of the well-known contractor, John McBain.

Mrs. Forney of Marshalltown, Iowa, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McCuen the past week and will take her daughter, Miss Gertie, to Oakland, where she will reside during the winter.

The program of the Farmers' Ball, at Butchers' Hall, for New Year's eve is unique, humorous, picturesque and poetical, notwithstanding the fact it is printed on brown wrapping paper. Don't forget the ball.

Our local news gatherer reports another wedding among the events of the near future, in which one of the high contracting parties is a gentleman occupying an important position in charge of a large industry near town.

BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

LADIES, if you desire a transparent, clear and fresh Comp'exion use

Dr. Bourdon's French Arsenic Complexion Wafers.

The only reliable beautifier of the Complexion, Skin and Form known.

In the direction for which they are intended their effect is simply magical, the most astounding transformation in personal appearance being brought about by their steady use, possessing the *Wizard's touch* in producing, preserving, and enhancing beauty of form by surely developing a transparency and pellucid clearness of Complexion, shapely contour of Form, brilliant Eyes, soft and smooth Skin where by Nature the reverse exists. Even the *coarsest and most repulsive Skin and Complexion* marred by *Freckles, Moth, Blackheads, Pimples, Vulgar Redness, Yellow and Muddy Skin and other Facial Disfigurements* are permanently removed and a deliciously clear and refined Complexion assured, enhancing a lady's loveliness beyond her most extravagant expectations. *Ladies, you can be beautiful,* no matter who you are or what your disfigurements may be. You can make yourself as handsome as any lady in the land by the use of *Dr. Bourdon's French Arsenic Complexion Wafers.* Used by men the results are equally favorable. Price per small box, 50 Cents; large box, $1, or six small boxes, $5. Sent to any address postpaid and under plain cover on receipt of the above amount.

THE PARISIAN DRUG CO.,
131 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
dc17-1y.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

Last Saturday evening, at Hansbrough Hall, our public school children gave an entertainment which was more than enjoyed by the large audience present. The hall was crowded to the doors by the parents and friends of the children and the entertainment was a complete success. Much credit is due to the teachers for the evidence of patient training, which was manifest from the excellence of the performance and to the little performers for the perfect manner in which each rendered his or her part. Whilst some did better than others, it is only fair to say all acquitted themselves most excellently and to the satisfaction of the audience. The program was as follows:

1. Christmas Waltz Song, by twelve little girls.
2. Recitation, "Bay Billy," by Fred Todt.
3. Recitation, "The Way to Go Home From School," by E. Eikerenkotter and A. Todt.
4. Concert Recitation, "I Wish I Was a Grown Up Man," by five little boys.
5. Pantomime, "Little Grandmas," by seven girls.
6. Recitation, "Tommy's Dilemma," by Alfred Raspadori.
7. Recitation, "Orphant Annie," by Ruth Morgan.
8. Dumb Bell Drill, by eight boys.
9. Instrumental solo, "The Storm," by Miss Gertie Cohen.
10. Recitation, "Wash My Dolly Up Like That," by Josie Russi.
11. Concert Recitation, "The Rainbow," by eight girls.
12. Concert Song, "Little Daisies," by four girls.
13. Violin Solo, "Il Trovatore," by Miss Caro.
14. Recitation, "Kittens and Babies," by Luvina Boggs.
15. Instrumental Solo, by Nellie Collins.
16. Patriotic Tableau, "Grammar G" boys.
17. Recitation, "The Clown's Baby," Bessie Willis.
18. Song, "Everyday Politeness," by Hattie See and Wilfred Klienclaus.
19. Instrumental Solo, by Jesse Cohen.
20. Brownies, six boys.
21. Recitation, "Aunt Tabitha," by Annie Zaro.
22. Concert Recitation, "Little Helpers," three girls.
23. Instrumental solo, by Hannah Cohen.
24. Motion song, "Little Waiters," eight girls.
25. Flag Drill, sixteen grammar grade girls.
26. Good Night Drill, by eight girls.

Many of the parts were rendered in costume and were very effective. The entire audience was more than satisfied and the parents well pleased with the efforts of their little ones and with the evidence of thorough training which they are receiving at the hands of their efficient teachers. School Trustee, Mr. Julius Eikerenkotter, presided as chairman of the entertainment.

COHEN—COHN.

Benedict and Bride.

The engagement of Mr. Millie Cohen of this place and Miss Eva Cohn of San Francisco, heretofore announced in these columns, was consummated on Sunday, the 18th inst., at the residence of the bride's sister, No. 215, Eleventh street, San Francisco, where, in the presence of a large concourse of friends and relatives, the Rev. M. S. Levy officiating, the fortunate groom and his fair bride made the mutual pledges and took the sacred vows of the marriage covenant and were united by the bond designed to hold while life shall last.

The wedding presents were both numerous and elegant. Mr. Mell Cohen, the groom is well known here and liked by all who know him. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cohen of the People's Store and a young man of industrious and steady habits.

The charming bride, Miss Eva Cohn, was reared in the city of San Francisco, where she has a large circle of friends, by whom she is held in the highest esteem. After the marriage ceremony the happy young couple departed on their wedding tour, which terminated on Wednesdy evening at this place, where the young folks will shortly commence housekeeping and settle down to the full enjoyment of matrimonial bliss. The Enterprise wishes them health, wealth and—well—the usual blessings of married life.

GRACE MISSION.

Special attention is called to the Christmas services tomorrow morning and evening in Grace Episcopal Church. The newly formed choir has been laboring patiently for four weeks past and the musical part of the service bids fair to be sweetly rendered. It is sincerely hoped that many will take this opportunity to worship on this day of days, the birthday of the King of Kings and the church so crowded that both the crowd and the blessing will be so great we shall not be able to receive them. At 11 o'clock morning prayers and short Christmas sermon. Text, Proverbs 25, part of 25th verse—"Good news from a far country." At 7:30 in the evening special song service and short sermon. Text, Romans 13, 2—"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."

The decorations will be bright and simple. On Wednesday evening after Christmas (Holy Innocents Day), from 7:30 to 9:30 the regular children's Christmas party will take place in the Hansbrough Hall. All the children of the Sunday-school and any interested in Sunday-school work are cordially invited to attend with their parents. Admission free. On New Year's day, at 2:30 o'clock, the Bible and catechism drill will take place and a number of sweet songs will be sung by the children. The regular prizes will also be presented on this occasion. The Right Rev. William Ford Nicholls, D. D., will visit the church on the first Sunday after the Epiphany for confirmation. All persons desiring to know more about the church and the services will find it profitable to meet with the confirmation class on Wednesday evening of each week at 7:30 o'clock in the church.

T. Duncan Ferguson,
In Charge.

WORK OF THE SUPERVISORS.

Swamp Land Fund Replenished—Petition for a Lock-up.

The Board of Supervisors held their semi-monthly meeting Monday. All the members were present.

A petition was read from the residents and taxpayers of Portola asking that a certain road from Mrs. Guerin's to the Halladie place be re-surveyed and be put in order. On motion the petition was referred to Chairman McEvoy.

The petition of the Women's Improvement club of Menlo Park asking for a lock-up at that place was referred to the Supervisor of the Third township.

On motion of Debenedetti, seconded by Brown, the Italian benevolent society of San Francisco was granted permit to establish and maintain a cemetery near Colma.

Joseph Mancuso and Pedro Polidori, with their attorneys, Harvey Kincaid and Lawyer Reihl appeared before the board in reference to claim for gravel furnished the Third township and amounting to $66. Both attorneys presented their case, and being requested by the chairman to compromise the matter they retired and in a few minutes came to an agreement, whereby Mancuso was to receive $30 and Polidori $36.

Supervisor Tilton reported in regard to the widening of the road in his township: Mr. Millet would accept $750 for a strip of land if the county would put up the fence and abandon a portion of the road adjoining his land. On motion the report was accepted.

S. G. Goodhue applied to the board to have certain streets in the Homestead, near San Mateo, opened. The request was asked to be presented in writing and same would be granted. Mr. Goodhue will present a written application at the next meeting of the board.

Attorneys Deering and Ross appeared before the board on behalf of Reclamation District, No. 543. They argued that the board had no option but were compelled by law to return all money borrowed from the swamp land fund and urged the Supervisors to take action. On motion of Brown $7811.70 was ordered drawn from the general fund to the swamp land fund in favor of Reclamation District, No. 543.

The clerk was instructed to answer the communication of the city trustee of San Mateo in reference to the dumping of garbage in this county by San Francisco firms. An ordinance was in existence that prohibited this and the clerk was to so inform the trustees.

In response to a communication from the producers of perishable products the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, By the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo county, that the Board of State Harbor Commissioners be and they are hereby respectfully requested to forthwith put in operation the law enacted by the Legislature establishing a "Free Public Market" on the San Francisco water front and also to assign to such market the fractional blocks belonging to the State and bounded by Pacific, Davis and East streets.

Warrant No. 11 on Reclamation District, No. 543, in favor of S. G. Goodhue, amounting to $130.47, was approved by the board.

The following claims were allowed:

GENERAL FUND.

Redwood City Democrat	$104 45
F. M. Persinger	10 00
J. F. Johnston	199 05
John Pitcher	34 00
Peers & Hughes	8 25
Borden & Hatch	62 69
Sunset Telephone Co	2 75
Redwood City Water Works	8 15
R. L. Mattingly	18 00
James Crowe	15 50
E. E. Cunningham	6 00
Times-Gazette	91 80
C. A. Hooper	239 96
Tocoma Mill Company	107 64
J. H. Mansfield	268 05
Drs. Baldwin and Thompson	60 00
Robert Wisnom	136 48
C. Peterson and others	84 80
H. W. Walker	6 00
J. L. Wood	3 00
N. Merriam	5 00
Pescadero Odd Fellows' lodge	5 00

No further business appearing, the board adjourned to Tuesday, January 3, 1899.

A SURE THING FOR YOU.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Bilousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10c., 25c. 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

MASS CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Rev. Father Cooper will celebrate mass at 6:30 a. m. Sunday (Christmas Day) at Hansbrough Hall.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE.

On Friday morning of last week a poor, half-demented tramp was run over and killed by the Southern Pacific east-bound freight near this place. From the evidence adduced at the Coroner's inquest it was shown that the man made his appearance at San Bruno station on the 15th; that he hung around that place all day obtaining something to eat, and by his talk giving evidence of an unsound mind. At San Burno he said his name was Hansen and that he hailed from Los Angeles. About 5 o'clock Friday morning, as the freight train was nearing this station, the engineer and conductor hearing a grinding noise under the locomotive, stopped the train and found the body lying in front of and partly under the pilot, the head being outside the rail on the right side of the track. The body was frightfully crushed and mangled, and going back over the track the train crew found the blood and brains of the poor fellow for several hundred yards. A careful examination by the Coroners' jury showed that the train must have caught the man at a point immediately south of the school house and that the body was dragged or shoved in front of the pilot of the locomotve to a point in the big cut just west of this station; that is to say, the body was carried about half mile. The hour was before daylight and a heavy fog prevailed at the time. The train crew placed the body upon a stretcher and brought it to the station, at which place the inquest was held and the facts as above stated elicited.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

EDUCATE YOUR BOWELS WITH CASCARETS.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c., 25c. If C. C. C. fail, drugg sts refund money.

NOTICE.

Patrons of the Postoffice at this place will please take notice that hereafter no money orders will be issued after 6:30 o'clock. p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

TWO MILLIONS A YEAR.

When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year, and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is steady.
SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at lower prices.
HOGS—Hogs are selling at easier prices.
PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are per lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers 7½@8c.; No. 2 Steers, 7@7½c. No. 1 Cows and Heifers 6@6½c No. 2 Cows and Heifers 4½@5c. thin cows, 3@4c

Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 130 lbs and over 4¼@4¾c; under 130 lbs. 4@4¼c rough heavy hogs, 3½@4c.

Sheep — Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3¾@4c; Ewes, 3¼@3½c if shorn ¼ less.

Yearling Lambs—$2.00 to $2.25 per head, or 3½@4c. live weight.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4½c; over 250 lbs 3½@4c.

FRESH MEAT — Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 6¾@7c; second quality, 6@6¼c; First quality cows and heifers, 5¾@6¼c; second quality, 5@5½c; third quality, 4@4½c.

Veal—Large, 6@6½c; small, 7@8c.

Mutton—Wethers, 7@7½c; ewes, 6½@7c; lambs, 7½@8½c.

Dressed Hogs—6½@7c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 9½@10c; picnic hams, 7c; Atlanta ham, 7c; New York shoulder, 7c.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12¼c; light S. C. bacon, 12c; med. bacon, clear, 7¾c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 8½c; clear light, bacon, 10c; clear ex. light bacon, 11c.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, $13 00; do, hf-bbl, $6 75; Extra Mess, bbl, $11 00; do hf-bbl $5 75.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7½c, do, light, 7¾c; do, Bellies, 8¾c; Extra Clear, bbls, $16 00; hf-bbls, $8 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, $4 25; do, kits, $1 20.

Lard—Prices are per lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	5	5¼	5¼	5⅜	5¾	5⅞
Cal. pure	7	7¼	7¼	7⅜	7¾	7⅞

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2 10; 1s $1 15; Roast Beef, 2s $2 10; 1s, $1 15.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Beer AND Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue, South San Francisco

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LUMBER COMPANY

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Lime, Cement and Building Materials

All Orders Promptly Filled. Quality as Represented.

LOWEST MARKET PRICES

Office and Yard, Foot of Grand Avenue, South San Francisco, Cal.

SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS!

Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys

AT KILN PRICES

Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

BADEN BRICK COMPANY

South San Francisco, Cal.

W. T. RHOADS, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

Plans Furnished. Buildings Erected.

FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.

LEAVE ORDERS AT POST OFFICE.

South San Francisco, Cal.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Alfred T. Elford, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Alfred B. Elford, administrator of the estate of Alfred T. Elford, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased to exhibit them with necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Alfred B. Elford, administrator as aforesaid, at the law office of M. B. Kellogg, 508 Montgomery St., 5th floor, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate.

ALFRED B. ELFORD,
Administrator of the estate of Alfred T. Elford, Deceased.

Dated, November 22, 1898.

WRIGHT & GAW

Leading Grocers,

206 SIXTH ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

PRICES TALK.

Choice English Walnuts, per lb	05
New Salmon Bellies, 2-lb size, each	05
French Prunes, choice, 6 lbs	25
Sun Dried Peaches, 6 lbs	25
Fresh daily, Point Reyes Butter, per square	35
Best new Sugar Corn, 3 cans	25
Fine Teas, any blend, per lb, from 30c to	50
Delicious Coffees, per lb, from 12½c to	35
Jams, (Tillmann & Bendel's pack) per can	05

All Goods Warranted. Terms Cash with Order.

On Monday's and Thursday's we

MONEY TO LOAN

Large Sums Available

for investment on mortgage of Real Estate (City and Country) at exceptionally low rates of interest for a fixed term or redeemable by installments.

Existing Mortgages Paid Off.

Special terms quoted for loans on Life Policies, Interests under Wills and Second Mortgages. All persons

Desiring Assistance to Purchase

Farms, Orchards, Hotel Businesses, etc., should apply to us. Promissory notes discounted and all financial business discounted. If your bank refuses you an overdraft, or creditors are pressing, call on or write us.

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131 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL

HENRY MICHENFELDER : Proprietor.

Table and Accommodations
The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE SOLDIERS.

THE American soldiers doing camp and garrison duty may not be able to celebrate this Christmas just as they would like, but most of them will not make a mournful time of it. They have become accustomed to soldier life and indurated to strange climate. This is one of the first requisites in the West Indies towards the enjoyment of rare fruits, rare scenery, and festivities that always crowd the Christmas season. Christmas trees, the American Santa Claus, and stockings, cut comparatively little figure in the celebrations at Havana and in the other Cuban cities, still balls, parties and masquerades follow one another in bewilderingly rapid succession, and it is not to be assumed that the soldier boys will remain in camp all of the time that this fun and variety is going.

This mardi-gras class of celebration, particularly prominent in Porto Rico, is, however, bound to pall on the true American taste, and while it extends over a week or more, the one especial day will be remembered and signalized. In the Philippines our soldier boys find European tastes quite in evidence, with a fair representation of residents from the United States. Manila is a progressive city—cosmopolitan enough to include the energy and variety that make the holiday season quite a gay round of entertainments and celebrations.

In the tented field proper the soldier has occasion to feel joyous and hopeful. Another Christmas tide, and nearly every regular and volunteer on soil now foreign will have returned to where the home Stars and Stripes wave in peaceful grandeur. The palm tree will be a memory, the Christmas tree—real and generous—will bear a double gift for the soldier and the hero!

IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Holidays Were Not Notably Different from Other Days.

IN the armies during the civil war holidays were not notably different from other days. This may be accounted for on the ground that every day with armies in active service, liable at any moment to be ordered to engage in dangerous undertakings, all had nearly enough to think about without spending days or weeks in preparing for a proper celebration of holidays. Of all of the days that attracted unusual attention on the part of the Yankee soldiers, Christmas stood at the head, however.

With most of the young fellows Christmas, 1861, was their first away from home. Many of them had hard work to appear happy as they looked at presents from dear ones and ate the good things sent them. But great changes had taken place before Christmas, 1862. At least 50,000 of the Army of the Potomac had fallen out of line—dead, wounded or prisoners. The track of its march was red—red from Yorktown to Richmond and from Richmond to Malvern Hill; from Cedar Mountain to Manassas; South Mountain to Antietam, and the reddest spot was Fredericksburg. What a gloomy Christmas it was for the Northerners. They had, only a few days before, been badly defeated in their attempt to drive Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia from the heights of Fredericksburg. The people at home may have started a Christmas dinner to the boys, but it did not reach them.

On Christmas, 1863, the army was shivering along the Rappahannock and Rapidan, and as far out as Culpeper Court House. It was too cold, and the men were too poorly housed to enjoy the day.

Christmas dinners were the order of the day in 1864. The army was strung along behind fortifications from Richmond to below Yellow House, on the Weldon Railroad, a distance of nearly forty miles. The Sanitary and Christian Commissions had arranged to supply the army with a Christmas dinner. Few men were overlooked. Except that in 1861, it was the happiest Christmas for the Yankee army since the trouble began. There were many signs that the next Christmas would be enjoyed at home, and so it was by all who escaped from the hot times from March 29 to the evening of April 9, after Grant and Lee had met at Appomattox.

A MOTHER'S MUSINGS.

SUET, three-quarters of a pound, bread crumbs, three-quarters, eight eggs. I told her to be careful in weighing, but you can never tell. Last year it fell to pieces before it came to table, and spoiled my pleasure for the rest of the dinner. Father used to say that nobody's puddings were like ours, but that was when I made my own. I wish I could have made them this year, but I dared not suggest it. They are so flighty nowadays, these fine servants. Maria would have taken offense at once, and it would never have done to be without her just now with a house full of visitors.

It felt like old times to-night, and how happy father looked welcoming them all! He will ruin those boys before the holidays are over. It was the same with our own children; if he was obliged to disappoint them, he was miserable for the rest of the day. Such a tender heart as he has! I never knew a man like him. He has never lost patience with me in all these years, and I have been sharp with him many a time—about such little things! When I have fretted about the children going away and leaving us, one by one, I have remembered his faithful love and been comforted.

Four children, three grandchildren, all ago I thought she would not be able to come down, but she has stayed in bed and taken every care. She knew it would spoil our Christmas if she were not among us. Ah! what was I saying? Last year she walked down; this year she must be carried—next year, perhaps—— My baby! The last of them all! I can't face it, I can't let her go! I have nursed her night and day for nineteen years, I should have nothing to do if Nellie were not here. And yet to see her grow more and more helpless; to suffer worse pain! She would be well and strong, and she has had nothing but suffering here—never any enjoyment like other girls. There are worse troubles than death—much worse. If I could think of Robbie in heaven! Ah! my boy, where are you to-night? What are you doing? Have you forgotten me, Robbie, altogether? Twelve o'clock striking! Father in heaven, Thy Son's birthday! Hear a mother's prayer. My children! Remember my children!

CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS.

Things That One Must Not Do Under Penalty of Bad Luck.

In North Germany you must not spin during the twelve nights of Christmas, lest you should walk after your death, nor after sunset on Saturday, for then mice will eat your work. Speaking of eating, if you want to have money and luck all the year round, you must not fail to eat herrings on New Year's day, nor, if you wish to be lucky, must you rock an empty cradle or spill salt wantonly or cross knives or point at the stars.

If you leave a dirty cloth on the table over night you will make the angels weep; if you point upward to the rainbow you will make the angels' feet bleed, and if you talk of cabbages while looking at the moon you will hurt the feelings of the man in it, who was a cabbage stealer in his salad days.

An Old-Time New Year.

The method in vogue in New York City half a century ago was for the ladies of the family to remain at home, much as they do now, while the gentlemen went abroad visiting friends. The visitor entered, shook hands, took a seat, conversed for a few moments, and after partaking of refreshments—of which boned turkey and pickled oysters were the staple dishes and sherry and whisky the most popular drinks—had another handshaking and terminated the visit. The custom is of Dutch origin.

The New Arrangement.

"I suppose you're going to have another old-fashioned Christmas at your house this year, Hoply?"

"Can't possibly arrange it. Hired girl goes to matinee in the afternoon, reception in the evening and a dance later on."

XMAS IN KLONDIKE.

ONE DAY OF GOOD CHEER DURING A DREARY WINTER.

At 50 Degrees Below Zero, and While the Bitter Winds Were Roaring, Dawson City Celebrated in a Crude but Joyous Manner.

THE December days and nights, according to one of the miners who came back from the Yukon diggings with plenty of gold, are the most trying of the year in the Klondike region, especially at Christmas time. "If I live to the age of Methusaleh," he says, "I don't believe I shall ever forget Christmas. It was Dawson City's first. Dawson was three months and a half old, and had settled down to be a permanent town. All the miners who had made good locations had by this time housed themselves in pine-board shanties. A few had built shanty frames about tents to secure greater warmth within. All of us who made any strikes of gold at all had done so by October, so we were well along with our gold digging; but we could do less in December than in any month in the year. From the latter part of November to early in January there is only four hours of practical daylight in any day. Many days, when the wind blew hardest—in fact, it blows a gale there all the winter long, and snow and pellets of ice were blown along—candles were kept lighted all day long. In winter, candles and lamps were always lighted between 1 and 2 in the afternoon. The mercury ranged from 26 degrees below zero to 65 degrees below. So we could not make satisfactory headway even in the richest of the diggings. All through December about half the miners used to spend days in loafing about McCarthy's saloon at Dawson. The other half puttered about their cabins, dug a little now and then, mended their fur suits and made shoes from walrus hide.

"At McCarthy's sometimes 150 or more men would gather around the roaring fire and a strange scene it was. Imagine an assemblage of men in a rough, barn-like structure, furnished with board benches, and illuminated by a dozen flickering candles. Some men are dressed in baggy garments of fur, others in several coarse, heavy overcoats over heavy woolen clothes. All have caps of half-cured, shaggy, rancid-smelling fur, so that only the face appears. Every man has a prodigious growth of whiskers, sometimes a foot long, and hair that reaches below the rim of the caps and lies across the shoulders.

"There were but a dozen calendars in all that region and very few men had any idea of dates. Some did not even know what month it was. One day, as we sat at McCarthy's, some one suggested that Christmas was approaching and we thought of observing the occasion. A week before Christmas we all agreed upon a celebration, and, crude though it was, we had a day that none of us will ever forget. It was more remarkable from the fact that there were in and about the little hamlet of Dawson City over 1,100 men. No one earned less than $16 a day, and the larger part had each risen from poverty to possessions worth several thousand dollars in a period of three months. I suppose the combined wealth in actual gold in the district then was nearly $1,000,000, and a clear prospect of increasing it to twice or thrice that sum in another five months. I don't believe that a community richer per capita has existed in this world than that was at Dawson City. Yet we had a mockery of civilization and hardly any of the comforts of life of a lot of paupers.

"Every one was informed on Dec. 24 of the fact that next day would be Christmas. Some 300 of us went down to McCarthy's to celebrate the holiday. Darkness set in at that period at about 1:30 p. m., but we had become accustomed to the 20-hour nights. When it got along to about 11:50 p. m. we got our watches out and waited. At exactly 12 the signal was given. The whistle at Joe Ladue's sawmill screeched for a half hour, and over 300 shotguns, rifles and pistols were discharged, in volleys, singly, in quartets and in trios, for hours. Every one shook hands. Some danced about the room, and big, burly miners hugged one another, while 'Merry Christmas' was shouted again and again. It was the first time in the whole experience of the Klondike that we felt in sympathy with the outside world.

"On Christmas morning we brushed up a bit, and putting on our best rubber boots went and called on our best friends in the mining cabins and settlements, and received our friends from the mining cabins scattered up and down the frozen creeks.

"At 2 p. m., when the darkness was settling down in the valleys, several hundred miners met by agreement at McCarthy's. It was the only building in Dawson that could comfortably hold a large assemblage of people. Mac had prepared a program of events for the day and we had each chipped in an ounce of dust toward defraying the expenses. The sawdust had been removed from the floor and a score of candles and lamps were arranged about the room. McCarthy himself wore a boiled shirt in honor of the occasion. On a broad board table along one wall of the room a luncheon had been arranged for the Christmas celebrators. For a half hour after arriving at Mac's we were busy stamping snow from our rubber boots and walrus hide shoes, peeling off extra coverings and in general hand-shakings and more 'Merry Christmasings.'

"'Now, boys, fall right in and tickle your gizzards over there,' shouted Mac urbanely to the crowd.

"There was room for only fifty to eat at a time, so while one squad was standing up and eating at the table, the rest were sitting about on the benches. We told stories of other Christmas days in other camps, talked about what the people down in the States were doing, wondered what had transpired since we last heard from there (five months before), wondered who was dead, how election had gone, and what the people would say when we go back with our heaps of gold and stories of how rich we had struck it.

"At last the last man in the crowd of Christmas celebrators had been to the long table and had filled up on baked beans, fried pork and bacon, codfish balls, macaroni and coffee. Then Mac read the program and the entertainment proceeded. A dozen men made speeches—a few of them genuinely humorous—appropriate to the occasion. 'America' and 'God Save the Queen' were sung and resung. The Norwegians and Swedes sang their national songs, and the sounds of the first Christmas celebration in the Klondike were carried on the wind down among the icy crags of the lonely, frozen Yukon. It must have been below 50 degrees below zero when we pulled our fur caps on and strapped our heavy garments about us late that arctic night and went trudging home through the snow to our cabins along the creeks."

The Bachelor's Stocking.

Hang up the bachelor's stocking,
Ye imps that fly by night;
And dance around it mocking
Its lean and empty plight.
For him no gladness bring ye—
The single, selfish soul;
In it no presents fling ye,
They'd all drop through the hole.

CHRISTMAS TROTH.

THE old gray bell in the old gray tower
Is ringing so gladly across the town,
And the red, red dawn, like a shaken flower,
Scatters the Christmas glory down.
Oh, the light of the sacred morn
Of the day when the dear Lord Christ was born!
Oh, the sweet of the winter air,
When it's Christmas, Christmas everywhere.

Let's hie away to the church, my lad,
To the dear, gray church where the candles shine.
I'd breathe a prayer while my heart's so glad—
I'd catch a prayer from those lips of thine!
Love, love, love—and it's Christmas day,
And you and I in the church to pray!
Sweet the bowing, and blest the prayer,
For it's Christmas, Christmas everywhere!

Dear Lord, what gift thou hast sent us twain—
To pledge our troth on thy natal day?
Oh joy that is almost keen as pain,
Oh love more sacred than lips can say!
Here where the candles burn so white,
Here where the holly glistens bright,
Make the heart of the love we bear
Christ-like always and everywhere!

—James Buckham.

NEW YEAR'S IN EUROPE.

The Day Holds a Prominent Place in the Popular Calendar.

In Europe New Year's day holds a prominent place in the popular calendar. For many centuries past it has been the custom of northern nations to watch the going out of the old year and the coming in of the new with demonstrations of merriment and conviviality. It is a rare case that an English family fails to sit up on the last night of the old year with a few intimate friends, awaiting the stroke of the midnight hour. The day is observed by a few visits among nearest relatives and intimate friends, but most particularly by festive family gatherings in the evenings. The custom of making presents on New Year's day has become almost obsolete in England. That is now almost entirely confined to Christmas day. The observance of New Year's day as a holiday fell almost into oblivion, with the exception of the few simple remembrances mentioned above. In business life the day is observed as a legal holiday—"bank holiday," as they call it—but even that is confined almost exclusively to large wholesale houses. The retail trade is carried on as briskly as on every other day of the year.

The first day of the year is observed in France in a very different way, particularly in Paris, where to this day the custom of giving presents is kept up with surprising vigor. The streets of the beautiful capital present a very lively and picturesque appearance. Innumerable carriages, from the humble one horse cab to the elegant landau, with liveried servants, drawn by fiery steeds, crowd every thoroughfare. They are filled with well-dressed men and loaded with fragrant flowers. Large social gatherings, balls and receptions, public and private, bring the auspicious day to a festive conclusion.

In Germany calls are made among relatives and intimate friends only, except that in the ponderous bureaucratic system of Germany every Government officer is expected to call on somebody above him in rank. Presents are not exchanged on New Year's day—that is exclusively confined to Christmas day.

As Rome gave the name to the first month in the calendar year, so Rome also gave the custom of making presents on the first day of the year. A very innocent little pastime it was in the beginning, but in these days of modern ideas it has expanded and is expanding until now the most valuable and elaborate gifts are used as an exchange of friendly sentiment.

Mistletoe and Christmas.

The connection of mistletoe with Christmas is a very curious one, and far from being a general one. Literature is, perhaps, mainly responsible for it, in that allusions to a custom—in a great degree purely local—have made a large number of persons interested in the plant. It, moreover, seems that the custom of using it in Christmas decorations depends on two considerations—first, its evergreen habit; and second, the veneration in which it was held by the Druids.

The reasons mentioned have no doubt done much to secure for the mistletoe the place which in recent times it has held in Christmas festivities, but it is not so universally honored at Yuletide as the holly. You may have a very merry Christmas without any mistletoe at all, but to the majority of the people a Christmas without a sprig or two of holly would scarcely seem to be Christmas at all.

Disappointment.

She—I hear you got a little brother for a New Year's present. Ain't yer glad?

He—Naw!

She—Did yer want a sister?

He—Naw. I didn't want no brudder nor no sister neider. I wanted a fightin' dorg an' a pair o' skates!—Life.

An Aid to Merriment.

"My dear," said Mr. Darley to his wife, "I have decided to have a merry Christmas this year."

"I am very glad to hear that, love."

"With that purpose in view," Mr. Darley went on, "I have decided not to go with you at all while you are doing your Christmas shopping."

ALMOST TIME TO GO.

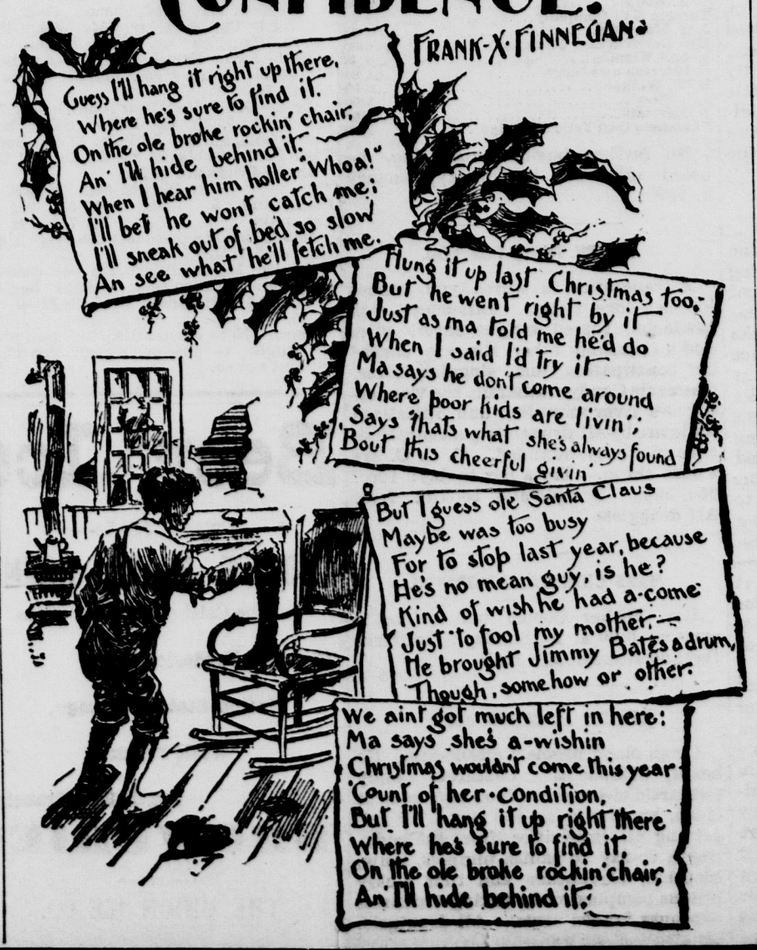
she has forgotten, for it is just one of the things Emily would notice. She has all her sheets hemstitched.

The children are beauties! Eric is the picture of his father at the same age, and what a spirit! Cecil takes after his mother's family. I love them dearly, but it's a good thing children come while one is young—I couldn't stand the racket for long nowadays. Ernest looks thin. He doesn't get on, poor boy. It would have been wiser if we had given him his own way and let him go abroad, but we did it for the best. Father says we cannot do more than act upon the light of the moment, and that it is useless grieving over what is irretrievable, but I can't help grieving. Amy has had a hard time! No one would think, to look at her now, what a pretty girl she was when they were married. She has no nurse girl for baby, and that is the same dress she wore last year, with new trimmings to freshen it up. We must give them a check with their Christmas present, but not before the others—they would not like that—just quietly when we are alone.

Minette and Charlie came last, though they live nearest of all. She planned that, the little rogue! I know her tricks. She was not going to arrive in the character of bride without making sure of her audience; and how pretty she was—a perfect picture in those lovely furs. Father says she is exactly what I was as a girl, but my hair was never so golden. And Charlie adores her. I ought to be thankful for that marriage. Her house is prettier than any of the others, but I don't know how she will manage. She uses the best things every day, and never draws the blinds for the sun. When I say anything she pulls my cap on one side and asks if I remember Aunt Christina's soft blanket. They all laugh at me about that, but I can't see the joke. It was far too grand for our room, and the red and green stripes made the furniture look shabby, so I put it aside for one of the children, and now none of them will have it. It can't be soiled, for it is wrapped up in the same paper in which it arrived ten years ago, and it's a beautiful thing—there must be pounds of wool in it, not to mention the silk.

Charlie sits next to Emily. I wonder what she will wear! I wonder which cap I should put on! The one with the pearl drops is the most becoming, but the lace is not real. I'll wear the new one, and let her see that my Brussels is as good as hers. I think I'll give Amy the old Honiton. She has brought presents for everyone, the kind little thing, though she is so shabby herself. She showed me Nell's to-night. Pink silk covers for cushions! She is going to sew them on in the morning, and they will be on the couch as a surprise for Nell when she is carried down to dinner. The pink will make her look less pale. My precious lamb! A week

CONFIDENCE.



A picture of Christmas Eve

A farmer's kitchen of long ago,
With oaken rafters, and fireplace wide,
Where three small stockings of scarlet wool,
Filled to o'er flowing, hang side by side.

An ancient clock in the corner stands;
There are pewter dishes on dresser tall,
And firearms of the old-time war
Are crossed together upon the wall.

A silver pathway the moonlight makes,
In slanting brightness upon the floor,
And the fitful flare of firelight
Casts wild weird shadows upon the door.

Into the window a rosebush peeps,
Wrapped in a mantle of fleecy snow;
And the house cat in a high-backed chair,
Sleeps in the firelight's brilliant glow.

Before the stockings of scarlet wool,
With tender light in her eyes of brown,
Stands the mother, tall, and young, and fair,
In snowy kerchief, and homespun gown.

Grace Hibbard.

The elders sat together,
The children played apart,
And heeded not discussions
Of nature or of art.
But when to arbor culture
The conversation turned,
For some specific knowledge
Those "little pitchers" yearned.
They heard of foreign countries,
Of trees that in them grow,
The spruces and the fir-trees
That bloom in Norway's snow,
The spice-trees of Arabia,
The poplars tall of France,
The trees of Vallombrosa,
The aspen trees that dance.
The palms of California
Came next in the routine,
When suddenly a small boy
Was heard as well as seen.
"Come off!" he said; "you're talking!
Here's Sam, an' Jess, an' me
Ain't heard a single mention
About the Christmas tree."

THE MIDNIGHT BELLS

IT was New Year's Eve!

Arthur Merrill, young, handsome, prosperous looking, sits the center of a picture of comfort, snugness and ease this dying day of a year nearly the last of a century.

A table groans with goodly living before him. Whatever the twelve months, with their varied tale of weal and woe, have brought to his fellows in the world, they have seemingly only filled up golden favors for him.

A year ago to-night he was pinching and saving on a mere pittance; a lucky hit, the favor of a retiring employer at the right time, a shrewd confidence in ability soon tested, and the clerk became superintendent, and only yesterday another rung of the ladder lifted Arthur Merrill into the realms of full partnership.

It was a short shrift of fate, a speedy soar of fortune, and yet a half-bitter, half-hard smile plays about the close-cut lips, as their owner thinks how cruelly long those months have been when measured by the one past disappointment that has shadowed—may ever shadow—a life made old and cynical in the very bloom and freshness of its early manhood.

He bows to this and that one at the other tables in the sumptuous club room, and two who enter return his salutation and begin to discuss him.

"Always unsociable that way?" queries one.

"Always—peculiarly on particular occasions," answers the other. "I have noticed that he draws within himself, so to speak, at certain seasons of the year."

"Anniversaries, I imagine—holidays when in the past he was among friends now dead or far parted?"

"I fancy so, though they say there is a cruel love tragedy way back in his life."

"Ah?" comes the interested insinuation.

"He used to live at Warren, and was in love with a girl named—can I remember? Yes, I have it; Gladys Thorne. She went to visit relatives in the West. A month later—he had come to the city meantime to risk his fortune—he received a marked paper containing the announcement of her marriage to one Alvin Trescott."

"And then?"

"He turned his back on the past as if it had never existed. It broke his happiness and changed the whole current of his life. They say the girl married well, for Trescott was a wealthy man."

"And Merrill is fast becoming a rich one, too?"

"Yes—taking it all together, he should be a rather satisfied man, for his success has been phenomenal."

The lone figure at the table near by half thought this same himself—as the world goes, it had dealt very kindly with him.

Through the plate glass windows he can see the street crowds hurrying by in the chill winter blast—many thinly clad, hungry featured, without home or prospect of work.

For him there was warmth, light, the presence of tempting dishes, the company of cheerful friends if he coveted it—wealth to spare, luxury at the wish.

Yet with a sigh Arthur Merrill opens a newspaper and spreads it before him, to scan its pages leisurely as he discusses the meal at his elbow.

New Year's eve, and a time for counting up success or failure—he tried to catch the old-time spirit of joy, for he is one of the favored few in the category of success.

Suddenly, as he reads, self, surroundings, everything seems to fade as in a dream.

Once more he is in the not far distant village where love made an humble home a palace, and meager earnings blessed because they were hoarded for the girl he expected to make his wife.

What blurs his sight so suddenly, what for an instant checks his heart beats like a shock and then starts them up again wildly, feverishly, is the first news he has deigned to notice from Warren since the last New Year's days.

It is the brief announcement of the death of one Alvin Trescott.

The woman Arthur Merrill had loved—still loved—is a widow.

What impulse of folly urges the man? Like a lurker, a culprit almost, Arthur Merrill breasts the storm, drawing his high collar about his face more to shield them than to protect it.

Four hours, and a strange, an erratic transition has taken place. He is in the village of Warren.

Looking back to dusk, the shrewd, dignified business mind can scarcely analyze the emotions that filled his mind with longing and impulse, and sent him from the city on the evening train.

Of course it was that little newspaper item—. Of course it was a memory of Gladys.

And yet, he well knows she is not here in Warren.

It seemed, though, as he read of that death, that a certain high barrier was down—that the situation had seen a change.

At all events, he felt that he could now better endure to once more view old familiar scenes, perhaps make a few inquiries as to the distant Iowa town where Alvin Trescott had just died, where he had married "Gladys Thorne."

His Warren friends might not readily welcome him, however.

Two had called at his city office during the year, and he had been "too busy"—several letters had come postmarked "Warren," and he had tossed them into the waste basket without reading them, determined to turn his back sternly, effectively, on all the past.

And now he was here, and there was the old church, and right beside it the former home of winsome Gladys Thorne.

"Nearly midnight!" murmured Merrill. "All the better! I will meet no one at this late hour, and can get to the village hotel unperceived."

Nearly midnight, the tower clock told, yet late as it was, stormy as it was, at that very moment from out of the house that of yore held the bonny treasure of Arthur Merrill's life, came a woman.

She bore a lantern, and a thin old shawl enveloped her head, and she hurried, as if wretchedly cold and reluctant, towards the church.

Merrill passed the church as the hurrying figure sped up its snow-laden steps.

Somewhat curiously he half-halted as the form slipped, and then with a little cry the woman began stooping and groping in the snow, elbow deep.

"You have lost something?" asked Merrill courteously, coming forward.

"Yes," answered the other, without looking up, "the key to the church door."

He joined her in the search, and his hand touched one end of the ponderous piece of metal as hers did the other.

He smiled slightly, and she raised a quick, grateful face in the full flare of the lantern.

"Gladys!"

"Arthur!"

What a scene! The snow, the tower, the somber, lonely shadows—after weary months of separation to come together thus, at midnight, New Year's eve!

His face grew white—hers flushed.

"I mean," she faltered, "Mr. Merrill."

"I mean," he echoed, half sarcastically, "Mrs. Alvin Trescott!"

"What do you mean?" she spoke, fearlessly meeting his stern, accusing glance.

"You are not in mourning. Your home is not here, but your husband——"

"My husband!"

"In Iowa——"

"Oh," she interrupted swiftly, "did you think that? I understand!" And she swayed as if a cruel blow had struck her heart. "It was a cousin of my own name who married Mr. Trescott."

Arthur Merrill grew white to the lips. How he had misjudged this bonny love—what wreck and ruin his perverse silence had caused! His trembling tones framed one pleading, yearning word—

"Forgive!"

He saw more than pardon in those lovely, humid eyes—voicelessly he stretched out his arms.

There was a great whir in the clock overhead.

His companion snatched up the lantern and ran up the steps. He caught up with her, wondering, as she unlocked the door.

"What are you doing here?" he fluttered.

"Father died; we are very, very poor. We attend to the church, and—they are waiting everywhere, in homes, at parties, in watch meeting, to hear the old year rung out and the new year rung in."

She darted at a rope hanging down in the vestibule and seized it with her pretty little hands.

Arthur Merrill placed one of his own across them—the other round her waist and pressed her to his wildly throbbing heart.

"My love! my angel!" he cried fervently. "Always that, though cruelly misjudged. I shall never lose you again! Let me, too, ring out 'peace on earth, good will to men!' Look up, darling Gladys!"—as the full musical clangor cut the keen, frosty air of a new year just born—"they are our wedding bells!"

WELDON J. COBB.

THE YULE LOG.

Its Significance in the Early Days of the Church.

Christmas day in the primitive church was always observed as the Sabbath day, and, like that preceded by an Eve, or Vigil. Hence our present Christmas Eve. On the night of this Eve, people were wont to light up candles of an uncommon size, called Christmas Candles, and lay a log of wood upon the fire, called a Yule Log or Christmas Block, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, to turn night into day. This custom is still kept up in the north of England.

The size of these logs of wood, which were in fact great trees, may be imagined from the fact that in the time of the civil wars of the last century, Captain Hosier burned the house of Mr. Barker of Haghmond Abbey, near Shrewsbury, by setting fire to the Yule Log. At the bringing in of the Yule Log on Christmas Eve in the ancient castle of England, the great hall of the castle was profusely decorated with ivy and holly berries.

As soon as the log was lighted the Christmas festivities began. The servants were then given a general holiday and did not go to bed at all, but rambled about until the church bells called them to prayer at 12 o'clock. The word Yule signifies Christmas, which was called in the Latin or Western church the Feast of Lights, because they used many lights or candles at its celebration in honor of Christ, the Light of all Lights.

THE UP-TO-DATE GIRL'S CHRISTMAS.

A Christmas Drive on a Christmas Day,
With a Christmas Boy, Who's Been Away,
And His Christmas Gift—To Her Christmas Joy—
Was the Heart and the Hand of This Christmas Boy.

UNCLE SAM'S CHRISTMAS.

The Old Gentleman Has Ample Reason for Self-Congratulation.

UNCLE SAM has reason to feel pretty good this Christmas. There are elements present in the prevailing Yuletide jubilation that have a thrifty, practical trend eminently suggestive of wholesome pumpkin pies and well-roasted fowl, and a general dishing up and cleaning up of things, that leaves everybody at the table delighted and outsiders considerably respectful and admiring, even if a trifle envious. It is the pat American way to do things quick and thorough, and when this glorious uncle's family consider the beginning and the winding up of a great war, all between Christmas and Christmas, the impression must be sincere that Uncle Sam is a genuinely smart and capable individual.

Mostly, and joyfully, Uncle Sam feels good to see very few vacant chairs about the Christmas hearth. It might have been worse—it would have been worse with any other nation on earth. It was sheer pluck and good gunnery that wiped up those Spaniards quick; it was brave, loyal thoughts of mother and sweetheart and wife that nerved the gritty soldier boys to laugh at hardship, and glory in their part of a work that set Cuba free and made of slaves, men.

An echo goes all around the globe from the joy and pride and zest of this royally glorious Christmas, A. D. 1898. Content; enterprise, ambition—best of all, humanity—ward and shield Columbia, and the brawny, honest worker, the busy, cheerful farmer, every boy and girl at school, have a part—a vital part—in this building up and sustaining of the hands of patriotic Uncle Sam.

Don'ts for the Day.

Don't think that you are too poor to keep Christmas.

Don't forget that the people whom you owe like to make presents, too.

Don't give presents that are a pleasure for ten minutes, and a burden and a worry for ten years.

Don't spend so much on Christmas that you can't get even with the butcher and the grocer until March.

Don't put off buying your presents until the afternoon before Christmas, unless you are of a sociable disposition and are easily satisfied.

Don't give your wife something she doesn't care for, just because you want it yourself. This "don't" works the other way just as well.

Don't check off each gift you receive against each present that you gave, and calculate whether you made or lost. Christmas is not the time to be any smaller or meaner than you can help.

THE WAIF'S CHRISTMAS.

OVER the way in mansion tall
The lights were beaming fair—
'Twas Merry Christmas eve, and all
Was sweet contentment there.
Adown the street from hovel dim
A tattered waif there crept—
The peals of mirth had awakened him
While wretched parents slept.
He paused and bent his eager glance
Upon the window's glow,
Where merry children in their dance
Were moving to and fro.
And from the light and warmth within
His body warmer grew,
And throbbing with that merry din,
He nearer and nearer drew.
Till up into the casement wide
He climbed at last to see,
And longingly and wonder-eyed
He watched the Christmas glee.
A soothing sense of drowsiness
Upon him softly crept;
And by and by the white caress
Of snowflakes, as he slept.
And in his dreams an angel came
And touched him with her wand,
And kissed his lips and called his name
And took him by the hand,
And led him where sweet rivers flow
And all the lands are fair;
And full of Christmas joy, and lo,
The Lamb of God was there.

* * * * *

All radiant with sunlight came
The dawn of Christmas day,
And in the casement crowned with flame,
And robed with white, and free from shame
And bitter poverty and blame,
The waif in glory lay.

A Christmas Conscience.

Old Ben Franklin's homely wit and shrewd good sense, often packed into one petty sentence a little sermon of counsel and caution. We know of no better example of this, and no crisper Christmas homily, than the following:

"Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no persuasion move thee to do anything which thou knowest to be evil; so shalt thou alway live jollily, for a good conscience is a continual Christmas."

Saving Space.

"Binkins is going at a remarkable pace even for him."

"He says it's economy."

"Economy?"

"Yes. He's going to turn over a new leaf New Year's day and he wants to get as much recorded as he can before he lets go of the old one."—Washington Star.

Didn't Get It.

Freddie—I want a watch for Christmas.

Colewigger—You are rather young to have a watch.

Freddie—I'm as old as the little boy next door, and he can take his watch all to pieces.

Transmigration of Martyred Souls.

Webfoot—Didn't Elder Swipes say there is probably a bird heaven?

Von Gobblekins—Yes, why?

Webfoot—I was just thinking that Christmas morning you and I would be "Birds of Paradise."

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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